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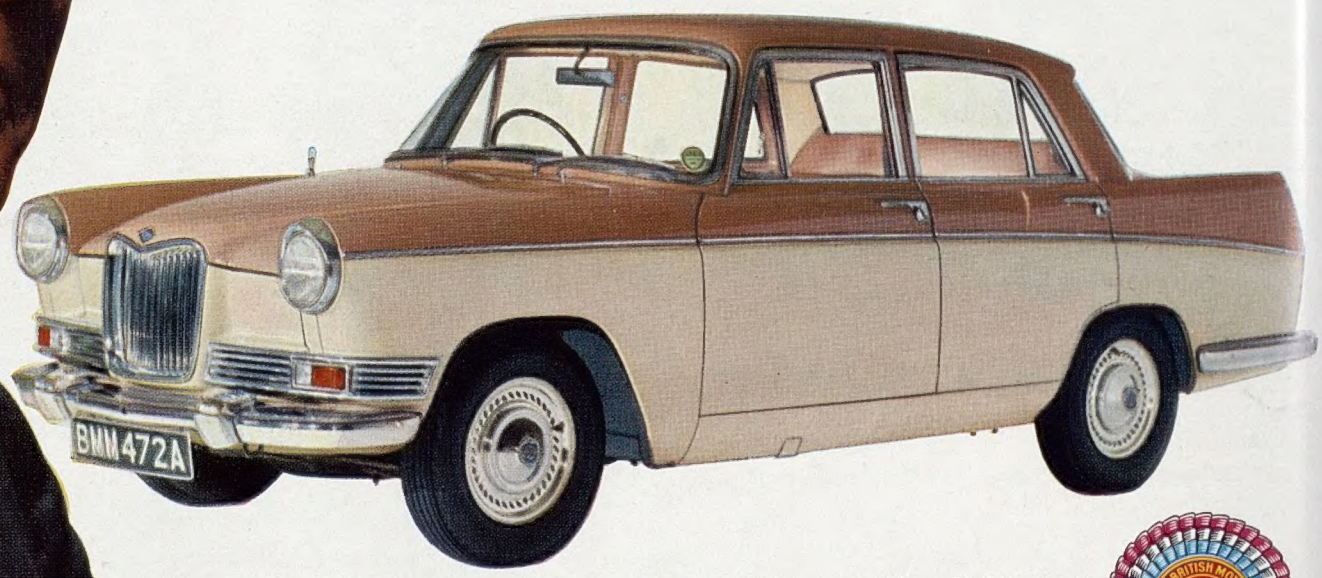

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Volume CCLVI No. 3328 LONDON, March 14, 1964

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SPEECHES ARE BEING MADE . . .

The leaders of both the main political parties are warming up for the General Election and there is a pre-hustings flavour about their speeches. The Prime Minister has been out and about in many different parts of the country, addressing meetings and shaking hands. Mr Harold Wilson, too, has been making pre-election pronouncements. His recent trip to the United States, where he had talks with President Johnson and Mr Dean Rusk, led to a sharp clash in the House of Commons between him and Sir Alec Douglas-Home and to the Prime Minister's withdrawal later of remarks he had made. (See News Summary)

THE DEATH OF KING PAUL

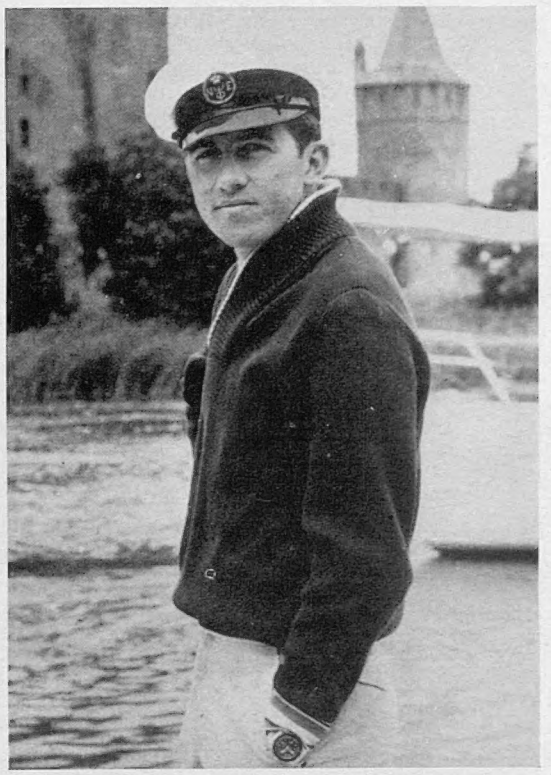
368 The Greek monarchy is the sole surviving monarchy in the Balkans. Like the other royal families which have now disappeared there, it has had a chequered career. Again, in common with most of the extinct South-East European monarchies, it is not a native growth but has a British-Danish-German derivation. King Paul, who died last week, at least had an uninterrupted reign. His brother, King George II, who preceded him, went twice into exile and their father, King Constantine, also had a broken reign which ended in his abdication in 1922. Their grandfather, King George I, who founded the Glucksburg dynasty in Greece, was murdered in 1913.

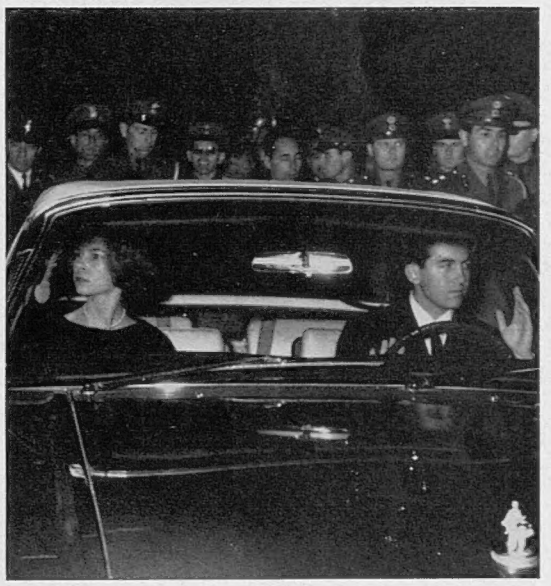
King Paul was personally popular with the majority of his subjects, as was shown in the real feelings of mourning in the days immediately after his death—the funeral was to be in Athens on Thursday of this week. But his 17 years on the throne were bedevilled by politics, especially the struggle with the Greek communists. A member of Nato, Greece is the West's bastion in South-East Europe against Russian colonial expansionism.

The importance America attaches to this can be seen in the announcement that Mrs Johnson and ex-President Truman were to attend King Paul's funeral. The young new king has had some experience as regent in the past, but none can doubt that there are many storms ahead for him. Early this week it was not known whether he would style himself King Constantine II or XIII because his grandfather, the first Constantine of the Glucksburg dynasty, claimed lineage back to the Byzantine emperors, the last of whom was known as Constantine XI Paleologos, and used to subscribe himself Constantine XII.

Above: King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika driving through London during their visit to Britain in 1963
Right: The King and Queen walk through the streets of Nauplia, in 1963, during the centenary celebrations of the rule of their dynasty

Top right: In this photograph the future King Paul is in the front. His father, King Constantine, is holding Princess Irene, and his mother, Queen Sophia, sits with Princess Helen and Prince (later King) Alexander, behind whom Prince (later also King) George is standing





Top left: The new King, Constantine, takes the oath in the Royal Palace in Athens in the presence of the Cabinet and senior officials of state

Left: The body of King Paul is brought from the summer palace at Tatoi, where he died, to lie in state in the capital of Greece

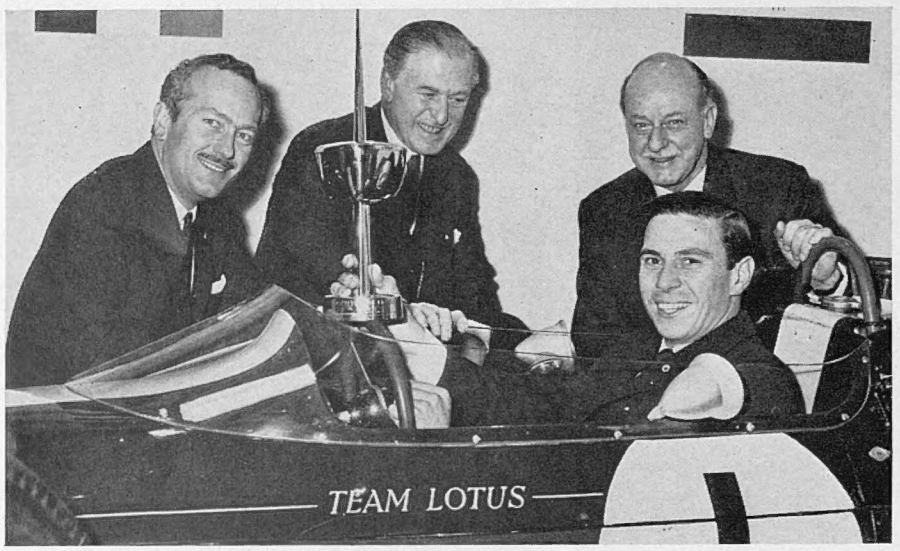
Above: Shortly after the death of his father, King Constantine drives in Athens with his fiancée, Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark

Top: An informal photograph of the new Greek King taken when he was Crown Prince. He comes to the throne aged 23

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Christians and Jews meet

The annual general meeting of the Council of Christians and Jews at Church House, Westminster, is presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Ramsey (right). The Roman Catholic Church was represented after ten years' separation from the Council by the Archbishop of Westminster, Dr Heenan (centre). Among those who welcomed this return was the Chief Rabbi, Dr Brodie (left). The Council exists to combat all religious intolerance



Gold trophy for Jim Clark

Champion driver Jim Clark holds the Ferodo Trophy with which he had just been presented in London. Left to right: Mr Colin Chapman, car designer, Mr L. P. Lee, Managing Director of Coventry Climax Engines Ltd., and Mr E. R. Pochin, Managing Director of Ferodo Ltd.

Drama in Bloomsbury

Policewoman Margaret Clelland is congratulated by the crowd who had watched her rescue a baby boy whose father had threatened to jump with him from a 100 ft. high Bloomsbury roof. As Miss Clelland grabbed the child, police officers overpowered the man and brought him to safety

Lightnings arrive in Scotland

The station pipe band of RAF Leuchars, Fifeshire, welcomes eight 1,500 m.p.h. Lightning fighters which had just landed. The Lightnings form the first supersonic squadron to be based in Scotland. Five hours after their arrival — each carrying a pair of air-to-air Firestreak missiles—the squadron was declared operational. In the event of an air attack on this country, the Lightnings would be used to destroy enemy aircraft

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Sea transport for the British Army

A heavy combat tank is transported on a powered raft at a demonstration of the advanced loading and discharging facilities of the 6,000-ton *Sir Lancelot* (in the background) on acceptance trials at Marchwood, near Southampton. Other features of the Army's first logistical vessel are a helicopter landing deck, closed circuit television and air conditioning. She was built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Co. Ltd.

New HQ for the Military Police

Recruits for the Royal Military Police carry out side-arms drill in front of Roussillon Barracks at Chichester. The barracks once belonged to the Royal Sussex Regiment. They have been modernised by the Ministry of Public Building and Works at a cost of £454,000 and are now the permanent depot of the Royal Military Police. Formed in 1855, the "Redcaps" have not previously had a permanent base of their own

More railway lines to close

Mr Ernest Marples, Minister of Transport (left), who has consented to 21 more railway line closures, studies the report on "The Reshaping of British Railways" with Mr Michael Noble, Secretary of State for Scotland at a press conference in London. The closures will save £800,000 a year. Mr Marples said at the conference that consent to closures had been conditional on the maintenance or expansion of bus services

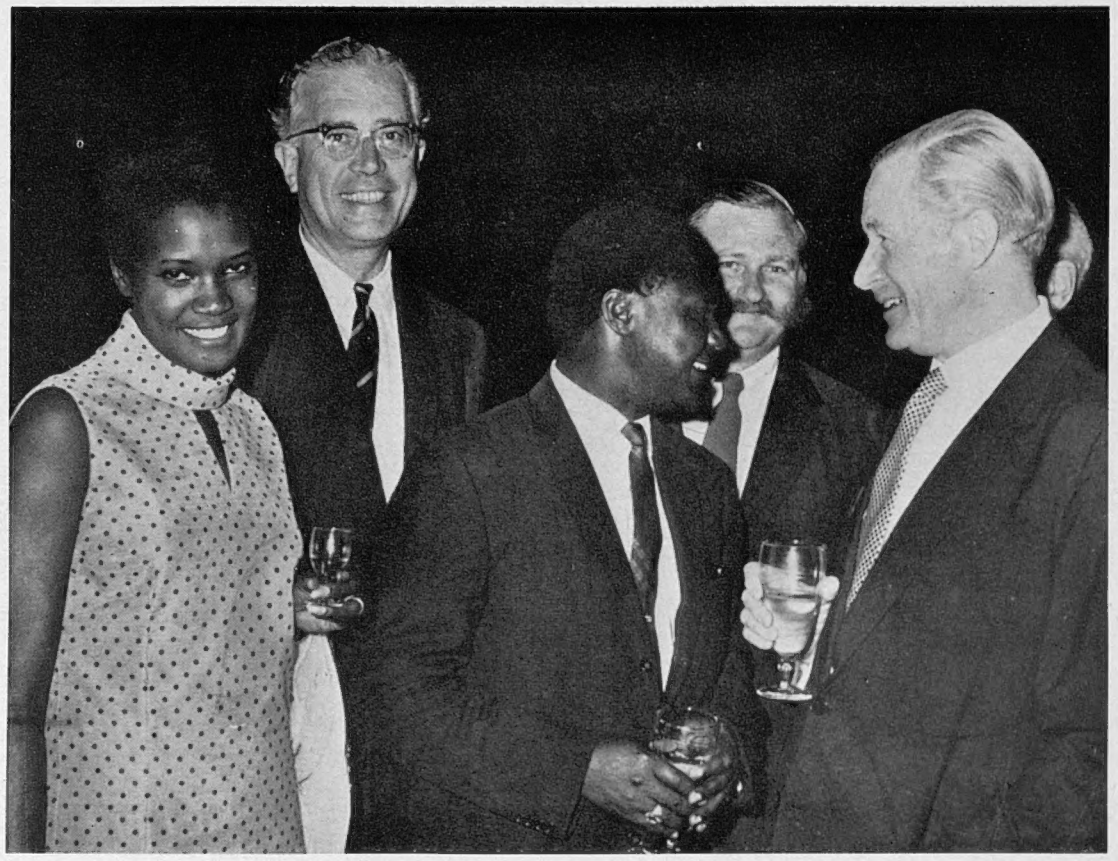
NEWS SUMMARY

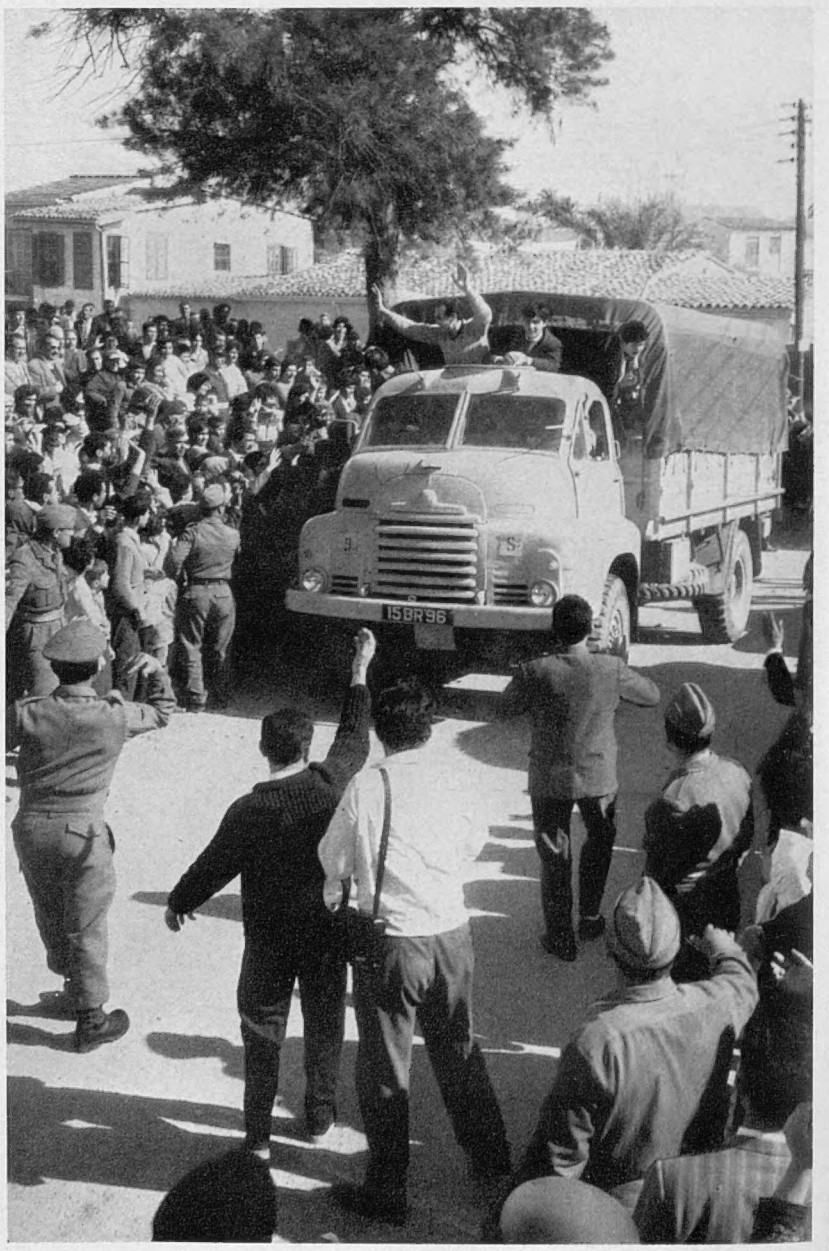
372 **Great Britain:** Business before the House of Commons in the early days of this week was to include the second reading of the controversial Resale Price Maintenance Bill—it was anticipated there would be some Conservative rebels—and the debate initiated by Labour on the cost of living. The national economy was one of the main themes in a speech last Sunday at Liverpool by Mr Wilson. He declared regional planning must be a main issue at the election. Earlier last week the incident between Mr Wilson and Sir Alec Douglas-Home over remarks attributed to Mr Wilson regarding the Royal Navy was regarded as closed, with the Leader of the Opposition's glad acceptance of the Prime Minister's unreserved apology for his allegations. Among other items of news of the week was the announcement that August Bank Holiday next year will be at the end of the month, and the Beatles' dinner at Brasenose College, Oxford, with the Principal, Sir Noel Hall, who found them " exceptionally agreeable young men."

United States: The subject of American relations with France—which have recently been patently deteriorating—was discussed by President Johnson at his Press conference in Washington last weekend. He said he would be very happy to meet President de Gaulle at any mutually convenient time. General de Gaulle is due to visit certain Latin American countries soon, but opinion in Washington at the start of this week was that he was unlikely to fit in a United States visit afterwards. Mr Johnson has stated he does not intend to travel outside his own country until after next November's election. US-French relations are currently much affected by their respective policies in S.E. Asia. At his Press conference President Johnson indicated that he hoped the report of Mr McNamara, US Defence Secretary, on his visit to South Vietnam would help clarify US thinking on this area.

Malaysia: Following the breakdown in Bangkok of the Ministerial talks between Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines, the Prime Minister of Malaysia, Tunku Abdul Rahman, told a political rally in Kuala Lumpur on Sunday that an immediate call-up for military service would have to be considered to meet the danger of Indonesian aggression. This, and the question of a formal appeal to the UN Security Council, was to be discussed by the Malaysian cabinet at the beginning of this week. The Tunku again warned that should war break out, the offensive would be carried by Malaysia into Indonesian territory. In Sabah (Malaysian Borneo) the Chief Minister, Mr Donald Stephens, said on his return from Bangkok that he did not expect war, but that there might be renewed Indonesian intrusion into Malaysian territory.

China: Reports from Pekin state that Chairman Mao Tse-tung, whose recreation is writing poetry, has had 14 of his poems set to music.





Above: In Kenya, during his tour of East Africa, Mr Duncan Sandys talks to Mr and Mrs Tom Mboya at a reception given for him in Nairobi by the British High Commissioner there, Sir Geoffrey de Freitas (left). Mr Bruce McKenzie, Minister of Agriculture, stands behind them. While he was in Nairobi Mr Sandys reached a mutual defence pact with Kenya. The British military base there is to be withdrawn by the end of the year, but Kenya has agreed to allow facilities for the RAF and joint military training with Britain. Later, Mr Sandys went to Zanzibar. While he was there President Karume announced that all land in the island is to be nationalised

Right: Some of 49 released Turkish-Cypriot hostages travelling in RAF vehicles organised by the Red Cross are welcomed as they arrive at the residence of Dr Fazil Kutchuk, the leader of the Turkish-Cypriots in Nicosia. Last Sunday there was a brief ceasefire after heavy fighting in the town of Ktima. Hostages on both sides were freed. But soon shooting began again. The Commander of the UN truce force, General Prem Singh Gyani, arrived in Ktima by helicopter and was later mobbed by Greek-Cypriots as he tried to get into his car. Efforts by the UN Secretary-General, U Thant, to obtain contributions for the UN force were not succeeding as the week began

THE GREAT CONFIDENCE TRICK

Soviet attacks on British actions in Cyprus and East Africa are a reminder of one of the greatest confidence tricks of our time, namely the propaganda campaign by which the Soviet Union has managed to identify itself with the anti-colonialist liberation movements. The Moscow government, which has its occupation troops scattered through a half-dozen Asian republics, attacks Britain for sending troops to Cyprus, Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda at their governments' request. A regime which rules over the entire Czarist Empire (with the exception of Finland)—with considerable additions in Eastern Europe—makes accusation of imperialism against Britain which has given up an Empire of some 600 million people. So successful has this propaganda campaign been that those who refute it tend to be accused of propaganda. Sometimes these accusations are just because some people do use the Communist menace as an excuse for their own shortcomings, and because very few people have a sufficient understanding both of Communist policy, of conditions in the Soviet Empire and also in the colonial and newly independent countries to be able to set out the true facts.

One of these few was the late Walter Kolarz. Because most of his broadcasts were directed from the BBC in Bush House to foreign audiences his work was too little known to the general public in Britain. He had written in *Russia and her Colonies* and *The Peoples of the Soviet Far East*, two standard works on the minority peoples in the Soviet Union; and shortly before his untimely death in 1962 he had travelled in Africa and studied the various nationalist movements, met their leaders and was particularly interested in the Soviet and Chinese attempts to break into Africa. No one who knew Walter Kolarz at that time is likely to forget his deep concern for the newly emerging nations or the catholic charity with which he judged their nationalist movements, the same charity with which he judged all sects and churches in his fine book, *Religion in the Soviet Union*. It was the Communist attempt to subvert and exploit these creative national movements that aroused his indignation and led him to write the book on which he was working at the time of his death, which has now been published under the title *Communism and Colonialism*.

In it he points out that the Soviet regime not only took over the Czarist Empire but also the Czarist justification for it, namely the myth of the Russian Elder Brother to whom the subject peoples have to pay effusive compliments. Yet this Elder Brother has wiped out their national movements, liquidated their leaders, in several cases transported their populations.

Much attention has been paid in the West to the agricultural achievements and hazards of Mr Khrushchev's Virgin Land policy, but little has been said of its effect on the people of Kazakhstan who have now become a minority in their own country. There are now more Europeans in this one Asian Republic than in the whole of Africa, including South Africa. Russian Communist officials had to take over the direct rule of Kazakhstan to carry through this revolution from above. One result was that the Republic was split in two, the northern Virgin Soil territory being mainly inhabited by Europeans, Russian becoming the official language and the capital losing its Asian name of Akmolinsk to become Tselinograd, or Virgin Soil Town.

This policy of " Divide and Rule " has been applied on an immense scale in Turkestan, an area bound together by a common history, Islamic culture and Turkic language. In 1924 Turkestan vanished by decree from the map and was divided into five republics. Mr Kolarz tellingly contrasts this liquidation of an ancient historic nation with the creation of the Nigerian federal state from the most diverse tribes and regions. Nigeria has virtually no European settlers; the Soviet Asian Republics have more European settlers than the Rhodesian Federation or Kenya or Algeria before the French exodus.

In view of that colonial record it is not surprising that Soviet " anti-colonial " propaganda is most effective at a distance and less successful in direct contacts. Guinea at one time looked the most promising field for Soviet infiltration. But in 1961 the Soviet Ambassador had to be removed, having incurred the displeasure of Sekou Toure by his intrigues

Walter Kolarz, whose posthumous volume of essays, *Communism and Colonialism* is published by Macmillan at 21s. The book is edited by George Gretton with a foreword contributed by Edward Crankshaw

with left-wing groups. Congo seemed to offer fertile soil for Communist seed; but the Soviet Ambassador Yakovlev was expelled for meddling in its internal affairs and since Mr Kolarz wrote this book further Soviet diplomats have been expelled.

The success of the Soviet anti-colonialist propaganda is therefore more the result of the receptivity of the African and Asian audience to such an appeal from any great power than of the effectiveness of Soviet policy. Indeed this policy has always been based on false assumptions. Lenin, who is the author of Soviet teaching on imperialism, prophesied that colonial oppression was bound to get worse; in fact all the great Empires have been given their independence except those of the Soviet Union, China and Portugal. Marxism has further always underrated the importance of nationalism, subordinating it to the class struggle; hence the Communists have been late in jumping on the nationalist band-wagon. Further, they are hampered by always having to pursue Soviet national interests which are varying and conflicting. Finally the Soviet nationalities policy runs contrary to the spirit of the times.

To all this, Soviet spokesmen would reply that the Soviet Empire is a union of equal nations; this of course is precisely the same argument that Portugal produces. Secondly, it can be argued that some of the Soviet Republics are much better off in economic and cultural development than many newly independent nations. This is true; it is also true that Transkei, the product of the South African policy of apartheid, is economically and educationally better off than, say, Sierra Leone. But that does not justify apartheid—or Soviet domination.

Walter Kolarz saw mankind as confronted by a great alternative. " Either Afro-Asian nationalism will make ideological conquests in the Soviet Union and bring about its decolonisation or Communism will destroy Afro-Asian nationalism both ideologically and politically and in so doing rescue Soviet colonialism at the same time." He was optimistic about the outcome. He was aware of the dangers of course. The Communists are adept at fishing in troubled waters—as in Zanzibar; and any would-be tyrant in a chaotic new state is apt to find in Communism a ready-made means of seizing power and maintaining total domination—with guaranteed support either from the Soviet Union or China.

On the other hand both outside and inside the Soviet bloc national feeling operates against centralised Communist control. How long will the Soviet Republics be fobbed off with less rights than the most backward of the Afro-Asian countries? How long will the proud people of Georgia let little Albania exercise a greater influence in the world? The growth of polycentrism and national Communism can scarcely in the long run stop short at the Soviet border. The Soviet constitution, it should be remembered, theoretically allows the right of secession; theoretically the Republics may have their own foreign and defence ministries.

If all this seems to point to a somewhat over-optimistic conclusion it is perhaps worth recalling that several of the contradictions of the Communist world to which Walter Kolarz drew attention—such as the Rumanian drive towards national independence and the splitting of the Kazakhs between China and the Soviet Union—have grown more acute since his death, bearing out his predictions. We must indeed be grateful that before his death the author was able to expose this great confidence trick and throw light on one of the greatest issues of our time.

Maurice Latey

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

374 **Long-term planning**

Mr Marples has carved out a new under-secretaryship for the Ministry of Transport—under-secretary for tunnel, a post of honour rather than profit. He will lead and co-ordinate in discussions on the tunnel with our French friends. A fine instance of forward-looking statesmanship which should be an example to other Ministers. Certainly an under-secretary for leisure (right use of) is overdue, as automation advances swiftly, and soon enough an under-secretary for Moon affairs. I have long advocated (*ad nauseam*) an under-secretary for litter (disposal of) and another to co-ordinate plans for reforming the House of Lords. The Government, if it is to win the next General Election, must lose no time in rebutting the Opposition criticism that for 12 years or more it has never seen beyond its own nose; and Mr Marples' gesture is a good beginning. Mr Gingell (Under-Secretary Tunnel) is, I hope, far-sighted and cat-eyed. Ministers, Parliamentary Secretaries, Under-Secretaries and MPs are at present shockingly underpaid. But that deplorable state of things will soon be put right. Even for poor peers, the present miserable dole will be doubled. A grateful country will shoulder that burden. We must all train our eyes to see light at the end of the tunnel.

Above: The end of the line for Mallard, the world's fastest steam locomotive, is the Museum of British Transport at Clapham. The veteran engine, which attained a speed of 126 m.p.h. between Grantham and Peterborough in 1938, was taken to the Museum by road from a Battersea goodsyard

Right: The Minister of Health, Mr Anthony Barber, talks to Mr and Mrs Gilbert Edgar and Sister Josephine Storey after the opening of the world's first sterile unit for the treatment of chorionepithelioma (a rare disease affecting women after pregnancy) at Fulham Hospital. The patient's capacity to resist infection is impaired during treatment and, to help overcome this, the unit has automatically closing doors, double-glazed windows and air conditioning. Mr and Mrs Edgar founded a scholarship for research into the disease, of which their daughter was a victim

But will they come . . . ?

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."
"But will they come, when you do call for them?"

Mr Maudling and Mr Callaghan confronted each other in a most gentlemanly way recently on TV. Even their grand inquisitor showed remarkable good manners. The two Chancellors (in and out) revealed a fine measure of agreement. The economy must go on expanding, imports mustn't be restrained to preserve our balance of payments, since we turn them into twice their value when re-exported; and the only possible way to go on expanding is for Government, management and unions to co-operate to keep down prices and overheads, which implies restraint in demands for higher wages and shorter hours beyond what the economy can afford. The unions are sensible bodies, their leaders perfectly understand all this. But it is the worker-members who decide to make these claims and they do *not* understand, and will not, while capital gains go free. So Mr Callaghan. Mr Maudling optimistically drives on with pleas and warnings, but the claims continue to increase. Mr Callaghan, perhaps, in the Chancellor's place, could do better to bring the workers to reason. But could he? That's the question which voters may weigh next June (or whatever the date may be). If I were certain that a Labour Government could find means to keep these claims within reasonable limits, I would be almost persuaded to vote Labour. Further (in microcosm) I would vote for the party which promised me that it would appoint a Minister of Education who would guarantee that every State schoolteacher (on pain of dismissal) must daily inculcate in their pupils (on pain of posterior) the duty of *not* throwing on the ground their sweet-wrappings as a matter of course! But I am satisfied that neither Tory nor Labour Ministers could check these evils (the great and the small), or would dare to try or bother to do so. So what?

Public schools and boxing

If boxing were compulsory at public schools, and if it were conducted as big prize fights are sometimes conducted in America, I should say that the headmasters of Eton and Cheltenham

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Left: The Duke of Edinburgh, on a visit to the Hayes, Middlesex, factory of Electric and Musical Industries, is intrigued by an intricate machine for pressing records

Right: In London from Santarem, Portugal, Miss Maria Manuela Silva Mendes pirouettes outside the Royal Albert Hall where she and other members of a group of Portuguese folk dancers took part in an international festival. See pages 378-379

Below: Students from London musical colleges rehearse at the Royal Academy of Music for another event at the Royal Albert Hall—the Henry Wood Birthday Concert. Twelve hundred students were chosen for the concert which was to be conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent

would have no hesitation in abolishing it. But boxing under the ABA and at public schools is neither compulsory nor disgusting. On the contrary, it reveals all the ideals of manliness and sporting behaviour of which Kipling and Canon Newbolt sang. A boy at Eton who prefers birdwatching to boxing is free to choose his recreational occupation. That is a particular virtue of Eton. My nose, which was very bony and at all times liable to bleed, led me to reject boxing when I was at school. I had to think out less direct methods of self-defence, while curbing a tendency to tell my more beefy acquaintances the *whole* truth (as I saw it) concerning them. Thus I acquired a measure of self-discipline the easier way. If public-school boxing led to the scenes which immediately followed Clay's victory over Liston, the education authorities would ban it without reference to the views of headmasters or school magazine editors. It may be that the famous scene (Brutus v. Cassius from *Julius Caesar*) staged at Miami as a Shakespeare celebration (with its references to " itching palms " and " anger as a flint bears fire ") may have some influence on the future of boxing, whether decent or indecent. For the sake of civilisation and the USA, I hope it may.

Old-fashioned

I like to imagine the Prince Consort (Albert) facing the grilling of foreign correspondents in circumstances similar to those which Prince Philip so admirably coped with. Prince Albert, like Prince Philip, was a man of ideas, intelligent and progressive. But neither he nor Queen Victoria (listening behind the arras) would have relished a " light touch " on the subject of the Monarchy. One hundred and thirty years ago the Monarchy was anything but old-fashioned. It was being new-fashioned and cleansed—and high time, too. But, then as now, it was finding how difficult it is for an institution to be " all things to all men," and in Victoria's reign much harder things were said and printed about the Monarchy than today. As for interest in the arts, the Court of Victoria could claim patronage of Winterhalter and Tupper, and, as Prince Philip said, art criticism today is as dangerous as ever it was. No doubt at all the Monarchy is old-fashioned as a live institution in 1964. If it clings to outworn traditions in its build-up, it can well plead the difficulty of trying to be all things to all men, since quite half the nation approves the gewgaws of rank and state, stars and garters, and would not have their Monarchy on the cheap or shorn of its pageantry. The institution is one thing, the " governing body " is another, and it does not follow that the Royal Family always enjoys even a more sober and decorous version of the treatment accorded the Beatles, which it receives from the public and its authorised PROs. " With all their faults," the Monarchy and the Beatles are both good things, Prince Philip considers; and few would disagree. There are so many new things that are not good things that there is much to be said for retaining museum exhibits in the interests of public taste and high ideals in an age which is not remarkable for religious practices.

The Old Stager

IN AND AROUND LONDON

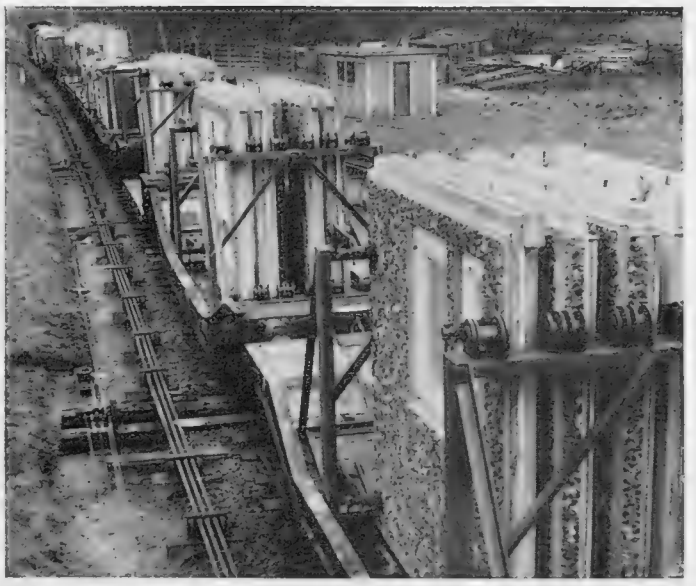
Above: At the southern end of Waterloo Bridge close to the station a two-level roundabout is under construction to relieve traffic congestion that normally occurs at this busy thoroughfare

Right: At the 1964 Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia a house designed by Kenneth Scott Associates of London can be expanded by the addition of new units

Much interest is always focused on the past, present and future of the London scene. At Westminster Abbey, where cleaning and restoration work has been in progress for some years (it has also been under way at St. Paul's Cathedral in the City), much of the scaffolding has now been removed from the nave, and the visitor is at last able to see the glories of the building revealed in their new splendour.

North of the Abbey, St. Pancras Borough Council is to redevelop Camden Studios, and the five artists now living there, heirs to an artistic tradition that started with Sickert, will be rehoused in new studios to be built as part of an eight-acre scheme that will also include flats and shops.

South of the Thames a new traffic roundabout is under construction near Waterloo Station and, at Woolwich, a new technique of prefabricated building is being used by Taylor Woodrow-Anglican Ltd. in the construction of flats. Another home of tomorrow—the 5M Flexible House—is on view with others at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.



Above: Railway wagons carry loads of prefabricated building components for erection as flats at Morris Walk, Woolwich

Left: The walls are hoisted into place

Far left: For the first time in ten years the nave of Westminster Abbey is virtually free of scaffolding. This view from the west, with the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in the foreground, shows the effect of the cleaning of the piers and the regilding of the ceiling bosses

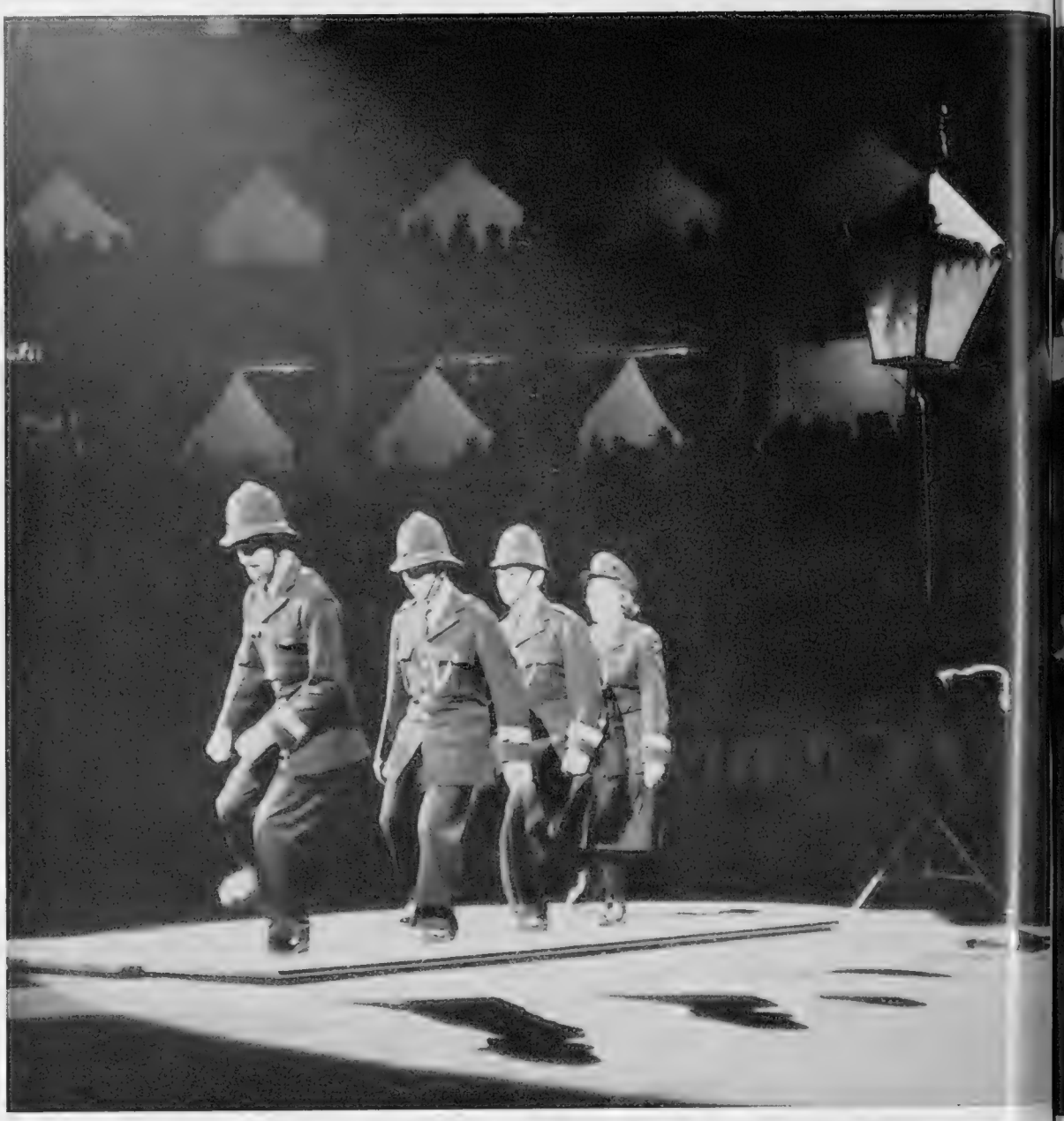
Below: Camden Studios, home of artists since the 1900's, are to be rebuilt. The figures are the work of sculptor Peter Peri. The wild garden, tangled with thick weeds and unhewn stone, forms a courtyard for the studios

FOLK RHYTHMS

Photographs of the International Festival at the Royal Albert Hall by Brian Shuel

378 Folk singing and folk dancing, once regarded (unfairly) as fuddy-duddy activities, are enjoying a boom. Young people are discovering that folk song rhythms can be as compulsive as the Mersey Sound; that folk dances are often as much fun as the hitch-hiker. Four years ago there were 35 folk song clubs, today there are 200 and Cecil Sharp House, headquarters of the English Folk Dance and Song Society reports increased membership of around 1,000 a year.

Youth clubs are taking more interest in folk music and dancing. So are schools like the Oakley Secondary School, Cheltenham, and the County High School, Chingford, which sent teams of Morris dancers to the recent Festival of Folk Song and Dance at London's Royal Albert Hall. Nearly 700 performers took part in the festival, which drew an audience of 9,000, many of whom must have wished they could have been out in the arena themselves.



Above: The mood of the music is mirrored in the face of the conductor, Mrs Nan Fleming-Williams
Top: A voice from America. One of the surprises at the Royal Albert Hall Festival was an appearance by Peter Seeger, whose fame as a folk singer has spread across the Atlantic from his native US
Above right: Three clog-dancing Dixons and a policewoman are accompanied by the introductory music to the BBC's " Dock Green " television serial
Right: The Morris dancers from Manley, Cheshire

Above: Four young Londoners make a dancing comment on Beatlemania
Top: Like circling nebulae, groups from all over Britain weave a traditional dance pattern. The performers at the festival also included teams of dancers from Ireland, Portugal and Sweden and a group of Tibetan children
Left: Students from the Royal Ballet School in country-type dancing which forms part of their training. Teachers are provided by the Folk Dance Society

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

380 **KENYA**

Agricultural developments

Kenya's plans for the development of agriculture have been described as so revolutionary that the country's present critical unemployment situation could be turned within two years into a labour shortage. The description is not extravagant, for the projects involved have been conceived on an ambitious scale. The Kenya Minister of Agriculture, Mr McKenzie, has said that the amount of money required is well in excess of £100 million to be used in various ways over the next five years. The magnitude of this sum is an indication of the extent of the projects that are planned in every department of agriculture.

Mr McKenzie and the Minister of Finance, Mr Gichuru, returned to Nairobi a month ago from a fund-raising mission to London and the United States, in connection with the agricultural plan. During their trip, Mr Gichuru was appointed a governor of the World Bank, of which Kenya is now a full member. The World Bank, together with the Commonwealth Development Corporation, will be making important contributions towards the scheme. The two ministers said that they were able on their tour to allay some of the fears of instability in Kenya that investors have had following the army disturbances throughout East Africa.

One of the first agricultural problems that the Kenya Government has to tackle is the fragmentation of the land into small holdings. The present 100,000 acre land re-settlement scheme will continue, but afterwards it is planned to launch government-controlled co-operative societies which will farm areas as large or even larger than the former European-owned farms. It is the break-up of the large farm which has most of all jeopardised Kenya's ability to expand agricultural production, so this step may do more than anything else to restore overseas confidence in a country which has so many other natural advantages. A system of land tenure which gives the best economic units for agricultural production has to be assured before irrigation and marketing schemes can ever hope to be profitable.

While he was in Washington, Mr Gichuru discussed many of the proposals that comprise the government's overall plan for agriculture. His government has a £3½ million scheme for the production of tea. The crops of sisal and cotton are to be increased. Imports of wheat into Kenya are to stop. In future, only home-grown wheat will be used for home consumption, and the growing of two low-quality baking wheats, Frontana and Veranopolis, will be banned in an effort to improve the standards of production. With regard to livestock, Kenya has been running into a severe shortage of dairy heifers, and Mr McKenzie has had to appeal to all farmers to increase their breeding of these animals. Too many have been slaughtered as calves. Major irrigation schemes are planned to bring semi-arid land into production. The pilot project at Bunyala is under way and another scheme is to begin shortly in the Kano plains of Central Nyanza. Both these schemes have become possible as a result of funds made available for them by a consortium of financiers. There is still a need for capital investment in this kind of project.

If full advantage is taken of Kenya's agricultural potential, Mr McKenzie believes that production can be doubled within two years. As growth is achieved, schemes for marketing farm products will come into operation and processing facilities, such as vegetable drying and freeze-drying factories, will be developed.

The large sums required for the development of these ideas show that the Kenyan Government has not underestimated the opportunities available to it, if agriculture is tackled with energy and determination.

Above: In Kenya the pyrethrum flower is used for the manufacture of insecticides and is already a well-established crop

Top: An estate in the Rift Valley Province once owned and run by a European

Right: Potatoes are issued for planting in the fertile soil of a farm in Kenya

Bottom right: A stone farmhouse formerly owned by a European, now lived in by African farmers

Above: New Guineans attend a local government council in Port Moresby, Papua. They were elected democratically in local elections
Left: Procedure for the present elections is explained to tribesmen in the Western Highlands. Where local government councils have been flourishing the idea of elections is well understood

Above: New Guinea is a territory with a heavy rainfall. Here, Pandanus leaves, widely used for roofing and walls, are used as umbrellas in a shower
Top: With the foothills of Mount Hagen in the background, 4,000 New Guineans gather in queues on open ground to vote for representatives in the Electoral College. This picture was taken in 1961

PAPUA AND NEW GUINEA
General elections for the Trust Territory

For the past two weeks polling has been going on in the first general elections to be held in the territory of Papua and New Guinea. This territory, covering over 90,000 square miles, came under the administrative authority of Australia in 1906. The government placed it under the UN Trusteeship scheme in 1946. The territory comprises the eastern half of the island of New Guinea, together with adjacent islands. The western half, formerly Netherlands New Guinea, was transferred under US pressure to Indonesia in May, 1963. At the same time, the Australian Parliament passed an Act replacing the New Guinea-Papua Legislative Council with a House of Assembly. It is for the 54 seats of the Assembly that the present elections are being held. A further 10 seats are to be filled by government-nominated members.

The elections are reported to be going well. In Port Moresby, the capital, the chief electoral officer, Mr Bryant, said he was amazed at the interest of the voters. They have been besieging the polling booths in carnival mood,

ALBANIA—STALINISM IS STILL THE CREED

382 A case of the biter bit was how most Western commentators regarded the matter of the Soviet Embassy in Tirana, Albania's capital, which made the headlines at the end of last month. This land of around 10,700 sq. miles with a population of perhaps 1·5 million, and lying on the Adriatic littoral south of Yugoslavia, is the only Communist country in Europe which is surrounded by the Bamboo Curtain. Stalinism is still the creed, as it is in China.

Albania's refusal to accept the Iron Curtain was exemplified in the dispute over the Soviet Embassy. In 1961 Moscow and Tirana broke off diplomatic relations. It was agreed three Soviet representatives should remain in the Soviet buildings in the Albanian capital. In the opening weeks of this year the regime of Enver Hoxha, Communist leader of Albania since the war, reportedly began to cut the utilities such as water and electricity to the Soviet Embassy. Two weeks ago it confiscated the buildings. So the greatest Imperialist power of today was flouted by one of the smallest of the territories which it had claimed as a colony.

How far Albania should now be regarded as China's bastion in Europe remains to be seen. When the Chinese Prime Minister, Chou En-lai, was recently in Tirana he was greeted with banners bearing the slogan: "We and the Chinese are 700 million strong."

Those familiar with the people of Albania and their stormy history may wonder whether dependence on any other folk or philosophy can ever be part of their outlook.

Although the Turks, who maintained nominal or actual suzerainty over the country for nearly 250 years, left a legacy of religion—70 per cent. of the population is Moslem—they never succeeded in fully subduing its inhabitants who finally achieved their independence in 1912.

In 1928 Albania, which had been a republic, became a monarchy, but without a change of ruler. The former President, Ahmed Beg Zogu, now ruled as King Zog and continued to do so until April, 1939, when, on the occupation of the country by the Italians, he fled to England and was later deposed *in absentia*.

Above right: The bust of Stalin on its pedestal in a park in Tirana is a reminder that Stalinist Communism is still the political and social philosophy accepted in Albania

Right: The buildings of Argyrocastro are surrounded by mountain slopes. This is the birthplace of Enver Hoxha, First Secretary of Albania's Communist Party

Above: An old-type cab in Tirana contrasts with the modern city exemplified by the bus and the building in the background
Top: A corner of the old quarter of Tirana, the capital of Albania
Left: In a tree-lined street in Tirana the fashions are ancient and modern *(see also following page)*

ALBANIA—STALINISM IS STILL THE CREED *continued from page 383*

Above: The modern buildings of the University at Tirana. In foreground, the People's Republic of Albania Boulevard which is as wide as the Champs Elysées

Top: A corner of the market-place in Shkodra in Albania. The country is still almost entirely agricultural, the staple crops being wheat and maize

Right: The poster proclaims: "Long live Marxism and Leninism"

Far right: A mosque in Shkodra which has two minarets. The town also has the largest cathedral in the Balkans as well as two other Roman Catholic churches

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

COUNTRY CONTRALTO

The very severe weather of early 1963 which wiped out the green woodpeckers in this neighbourhood also played havoc with the song thrushes. Very few came to the bird tables during the winter; and this spring we have but one pair in the garden and they are much more shy than garden song thrushes are normally. But that terrible winter did not affect the mistle thrushes adversely—we have our normal two pairs—and seems to have had a positively beneficial effect upon the blackbirds. There are now more blackbirds than the garden can really accommodate.

During the winter we would have as many as a dozen adult cocks on the lawn at one time and probably as many immature cocks, but never many hens; perhaps half-a-dozen at most. I thought that most of these were visitors from farther afield, taking advantage of our bird tables, and that as spring advanced they would disappear. Some of them have, but five hens have remained (each has, of course, acquired a mate) and there are still a number of unattached cocks. I do not know how many; perhaps four or five. (It is pretty well impossible to tell one blackbird from another at sight, but I can recognise two: one because it has a larger bill than normal, the other by a white patch on the breast which makes it look rather like a Ring Ousel.) These have survived the normal "showing-off" process (which consists of a number of apparently aimless walks, one behind the other, up and down the lawn) and show no signs of moving. It will be interesting to see if they finally move away to find mates or if hens come in to them. If the latter, this garden is going to be overfull.

The blackbird is normally much more skulking in habit than the other thrushes, much more ready to seek cover, and rarely to be seen very far from cover. Our blackbirds are bold. One or two will feed off the window-sills and when I am working in the garden they will come almost as close as the robins. One has not bothered to get off the bird table while my wife has put more food on it. Yet they will still take fright on the least provocation; flying off with that characteristic hysterical rattle of alarm. "Take fright": you know, I am not sure that that is the right term. I am not at all sure that the blackbird is easily frightened. The normal warning note (when a cat is about, for example) is a persistent *tik-tik-tik*, which does not sound in the least frightened. Other birds take notice of this warning note, but they take no notice of the hysterical rattle. I have seen a blackbird go screaming off from the bed I have been digging and a robin, feeding on the same bed, took not the slightest notice. Moreover, that blackbird only flew on to the nearest branch (about ten yards away) and immediately set about preening itself as though nothing had happened: as, indeed, nothing had. A highly strung creature, the blackbird.

Perhaps so great a singer because so highly strung?

The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.

I agree with W. E. Henley in thinking him best of all. In December when almost all the birds are silent, when only the song thrush really sings, I think how beautiful that song. And, of course, it is beautiful: musical, vigorous, loud (you can hear a song thrush a quarter of a mile away on a calm day), the notes wonderfully clear. It is all a little repetitive perhaps, but undeniably beautiful. And when, in January, the mistle thrush starts, so much louder, so much more vigorous, the song thrush more than holds its own. For the mistle thrush, though some of its notes have a distinctly blackbird-like quality, has but little compass: often no more than three or four phrases repeated again and again. The mistle thrush shouts rather than sings. But it is January and the cold, quiet, winter days add beauty to the song of both. When, late in February, the blackbird starts, then you realise that you have been listening to gifted amateurs: that now you are listening to a master.

Richard Jefferies said: "Like a great human artist, the blackbird makes no effort, being fully conscious that his liquid tone cannot be matched. He utters a few delicious notes, and carelessly quits the green stage of the oak till it pleases him to sing again." And this is true: the song does give one the impression of being effortless, has what *The Handbook* describes as "a certain languid ease of delivery." Somebody (I forget who) has described the blackbird as a contralto, the mistle thrush a mezzo-soprano, the song thrush a soprano. And that is true enough: this is the easiest way of distinguishing the songs of the three. But there is more to it than that. There is in the song of the blackbird a richness, a range, that is quite beyond the powers of the other two. You get the impression that you are listening not merely to a wonderful singer, but to a great composer with a wonderful voice. There is nothing repetitive about the song of the blackbird. The notes may seem to be not as clearly defined as those of the song thrush, but this is because the song is a more or less continuous flow, each phrase different from the one before it. You never really know what is going to happen next: you always do with song thrush and mistle thrush. And, like the great human artist, the blackbird does better with an audience. Another blackbird singing nearby is a challenge: each sings the better for the presence of the other. I have never heard such blackbird song as I am listening to now. The garden is filled with it, for there are at least nine cocks in full voice.

I suppose that I ought not to be pleased about this, because there can be no doubt that, bullfinch included, the blackbird is the most harmful of all birds in a garden. But I agree with Addison: "I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than of cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC HOSKING

This hen blackbird, in her search for a safe nesting place, has settled in a roll of chicken wire

FRANKFURT'S COUNTRYSIDE

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

Frankfurt, by virtue of its reputation as a centre for commerce and trade fairs, is the kind of city people go to on business, or through, on their way to somewhere else. No one would pretend it is a place on which to base a holiday, but it has a number of features worth investigation, and some lovely, lesser-known countryside to the north-west and south of it. The combination suggests either a pleasant tailpiece to a holiday in the Rhineland, or some peaceful touring for those who take their holiday pursuits more quietly.

From the Rhine, Frankfurt can be most pleasantly approached via Wiesbaden and a detour through the Taunus mountains. Wiesbaden itself, best known for conferences and cures, is a green and spacious place which manages to avoid the air of faded elegance often associated with spas. The shops facing the gardens along its splendid Wilhelmstrasse are the ultimate in elegance—and in price (one can shop far more cheaply in the business centre). The original Kurhaus, destroyed by fire, was the first in Germany; the present building, with its colonnaded approaches incorporating the two State Theatres and Casino, is a vast edifice to the gracious pursuit of social pleasures. Should gentility begin to pall, the little streets of the town centre offer plenty of typical wine pubs, where conviviality increases with the hour. Nor is there any lack of more organised entertainment, with the International May Festival of Opera, Ballet and Drama providing the annual highlight.

The vineyards which lie on the city's threshold are an extension of the Rheingau, best known for its red wines, though these play no part in Wiesbaden's leading position as a producer of Sekt. Henkell and Co. produce some 10 million bottles of this German "champagne" a year and they are glad to show visitors round.

North of Wiesbaden rises Neroberg where bathers in the magnificent open-air Opelbad swimming pool can look right out over the town. Beyond here, the Taunus hills roll gradually towards their highest point, Grosse Feldberg (2,800 feet), the forests and dales dotted with quiet spas, such as Schlangenbad and Bad Homburg, and little towns such as the three castle communities of Kronberg, Königstein and Falkenstein. Kronberg is particularly attractive and close to it the newer Kronberg Castle, built 70 years ago by the widowed Empress Victoria, Queen Victoria's daughter, is now an hotel offering luxury living in a veritable museum of mementoes and art treasures from both royal houses. The grounds and locality offer an 18-hole golf course, tennis and an open-air swimming pool backed by the forest. Local curio is the von Opel Natural Reserve for animal research, a small zoo where a miscellany of elephant, giraffe, zebra, rhino, etc., are having their psychology studied and, in spite of the pleasant views, appear to find it all rather depressing!

From Kronberg, it is only about ten miles to Frankfurt. Strongholds of luxury accommodation here are the venerable, modernised Frankfurter Hof in the city centre and the new Intercontinental Hotel on the Main river bank, to which 30 artists and sculptors (including Picasso) have contributed. The views from the top floor restaurant and bar are magnificent, as they are too from the revolving restaurant in the Henninger Tower across the river. Goethe's House, destroyed in the war but exactly and beautifully reconstructed, is well worth seeing, and so is the historic "Römer" City Hall (also reconstructed). The Botanical Gardens of Palmengarten are very fine indeed; I wandered by chance into its labyrinth of greenhouses and found myself almost literally fighting my way through the vegetation of the Jungle House in realistically sweltering temperatures. Frankfurt's new theatre-opera-concert hall complex, completed at the end of last year, provides good cultural fare; those in low-brow mood can adjourn to the Sachsenhausen district of town, south of the river, to sample local apple wine in restaurants of uninhibited atmosphere.

Germany is a great place for naming its roads and the Odenwald district, which begins 30 miles or so south of Frankfurt, contributes to no less than four of them. Part of the Bergstrasse (Mountain Road) follows the western fringes of its hills; the Burgenstrasse (Castle Road) winds for a while along its southern edge, and two lesser, more or less parallel, roads lead from west to east across it: the Nibelungenstrasse and Siegfriedstrasse, plunging into the land of legends from which they draw their names. These and other roads are excellent and, even in July, proved almost empty of traffic.

Best known of the picturesque places in the Odenwald is Michelstadt whose town hall, lurching along one side of the market place, makes no attempt to disguise the fact that it is the oldest wooden town hall in Germany (1484). Another Odenwald centre is two or three miles away at Erbach, seat of the Dukes of Erbach who played a leading part in local history and left a curious legacy to the tourist business of today. In the 18th century, Duke Franz I, having learnt the art of ivory-carving in Africa, imported it to the Odenwald as a new source of local livelihood. The little town still boasts an ivory-carving school and today the edelweiss and other knick-knacks from Erbach's ivory workshops flood the souvenir shops of Europe and beyond.

Among Duke Franz's many passions was one for ancient Rome, and a statue inscribed in Latin depicts him in a Roman toga in front of Erbach Castle. This fine 18th century building is now a museum and since the Erbach dukes were great collectors, its range of contents is quite remarkable, from a pair of antlers purported to be 35,000 years old, to part of a mosaic floor from Pompeii.

Above: The Town Hall in Michelstadt in the Odenwald is seen through the decorative wrought-iron of a water trough. Dated 1484, the Town Hall is one of the oldest oak buildings in Germany

Above left: Goethe's House in Frankfurt is an exact reproduction of the original house in which the poet was born and spent his boyhood (1749-65)

Left: In Frankfurt, one of the open-air cafes at the Hauptwache

Far left: The village of Lindenfels, a centre in the Odenwald

Motoring and walking combine particularly well in the Odenwald for marked paths follow circular routes from special parking places in the middle of completely unspoilt countryside. Since the whole area has been declared a natural park, it is likely to remain unspoilt too.

Follow any lane from the Nibelungenstrasse or Siegfriedstrasse and you will come to some tiny farm community where a local inn provides full board for £1 a day. Or for just over half as much again you can have full board and private bath in the antique atmosphere of the Hotel Siegfriedbrunnen (open-air swimming pool) at Gras-Ellenbach, or at the modern Hotel Sonnenberg in rural solitude two miles out of Erbach.

For further information: German Tourist Information Bureau, 61 Conduit Street, London, W.1.

Means of access: London-Frankfurt, by BEA, Lufthansa, etc., £31 19s tourist-class return, £42 6s 1st-class return. By surface routes: (*a*) via Harwich-Hook of Holland, from £15 2s 2nd-class return; from £22 1st-class return. (*b*) via Dover-Ostend, £13 18s 2nd-class return; £19 10s 1st-class return.

Wine festivals: A list of wine festivals from July to October in the Rhineland-Palatinate (middle Rhine and Moselle) is now available from the above tourist office.

NOTES FOR THE TRAVELLER

Another Intercontinental Hotel has been opened in Geneva, the largest and most modern hotel in Switzerland, with 400 rooms each with private bath. It stands in its own grounds near the Palais des Nations, and has an underground garage where 170 cars may be parked. It is five minutes by taxi from the centre of the city and ten minutes from the airport. There's a big restaurant, a supper club with music and dancing, and for the odd snack, the Café Le Voltaire. Single room rates range from 40 Swiss francs to 60 Swiss francs and double rooms from 70 Swiss francs to 90 Swiss francs. No doubt with the opening of the Grand St. Bernard Tunnel this year, such an hotel will be very popular with the passing motorist on his way to Italy, for although Geneva is reasonably well off for hotels, they are all situated in the centre, making it very difficult indeed to park one's car, even at night.

Yugoslav Airlines will operate a direct service from London from May 1, 1964, once a week on Sundays, to the new International Airport at Ljubljana in the north of Yugoslavia. Connecting coach services will enable passengers to reach resorts like Opatija, Bled, Bohinj, Portoroz and Porec. Incidentally, foreign visitors are now allowed to take 5,000 dinars, in denominations not exceeding 100 dinars, into Yugoslavia, but the amount to be taken out must not exceed 1,500 dinars.

Connecting coach services to resorts are important to know about if the fullest advantage is to be taken of air services. For example, from Genoa Airport, in connection with BUA services, there's one to the Western Riviera, serving resorts like Albisola, Savona, Sportono, and to the Eastern Riviera serving places like Santa Margherita and Rapallo. The former services begin and terminate at the airport, but the latter are routed via the town terminal, where a change of coach is necessary in the Piazza Acquaverdo (Portici Stazione Principi), Genoa.

It is interesting to see that the increasing demand for self-drive car hire is penetrating into Hungary, where it is now possible to hire a car without a driver in Budapest, and they are what IBUSZ, the national tourist office of Hungary, calls "cars of western origin." Arrangements can be made through IBUSZ offices or hotel services; and travel agents in this country.

While we have yet to see a cable car up Ben Nevis, there's a move in the right direction with the announcement that the White Corries Chairlift, which operates for skiers in the winter in Glencoe, is now to be kept running throughout the summer months. A new access road has been built near King's House on the main road running from Bridge of Orchy to Ballachulish. This will be an interesting addition to the tourist amenities in the area, particularly since a trip to the top and back for the fine views that you get of that glorious countryside can be undertaken in less than an hour. The fare is to be 5s per head, return, and the service operates from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. **W.D.C.C.**

ROMAN TAPESTRY

388 **A Roman Street** by Maurice Rowdon: Gollancz. 21s, is one of those books which tell the reader almost as much about a city as would a personal visit. Mr Rowdon who, incidentally, writes very well indeed has the most natural and almost conversational style in which to describe the flat at the top of an old *palazzo* in which he lives with his wife and from which he observes and sometimes joins in the vivid, multi-layered life of Rome. It is indeed as an observer that he is paramount: a detached but never a cold chronicler of the big and little events which go on in the rest of the building, in the house opposite or on the street corners. Rome, he says, is its people, and to our infinite pleasure he lives in the middle of them. He writes about the *concierge* lurking by the main door and regarding life with " a lingering, tired, uncensorious Roman eye "; about the man who makes marvellous antique furniture fakes; about the feud, in comic opera terms, of two plump women and of a hundred other facets which help to make the everyday tapestry of existence. I found his book fascinating.

Masterpieces of Murder by Edmund Pearson: Hutchinson. 21s, has been edited and introduced by Gerald Gross. The essays date back to the '20's since Mr Pearson died 25 years ago but they are as fresh as when they were written and as masterly. Edmund Pearson brought a scholarly manner and some wit to his discussions of well-known crimes and it was he who wrote that "the amateur collector of murders is a much more discriminating person than the chance observer understands. He is often a determined antiquarian and reactionary; when any new murder comes out he bends his attention towards an old one." In this collection there are many cases of which I had never heard but each of the pieces has a good claim to be included in this connoisseur's anthology.

The Heavenly Mandate by Erwin Wickert: Collins. 25s, translated by James Kirkup is concerned with the exploits of one Hung, a young Chinese student in the middle of the 19th century who was subject to fits of epilepsy and also, it seems, to visions. In the course of one of these it was revealed to him that he was the younger brother of Jesus Christ and that his duty was to establish a Christian Socialist empire. He succeeded in attracting millions of believers and in overrunning half of China before his heavenly mandate expired and his collaborators and lady converts began to have their effect on his plan. The book is a little scrappy but on the whole entertaining and with an endearing touch of humour.

Black Summer by Nancy Hale: Gollancz. 21s, shows this author whom one usually associates with extreme sophistication in a simpler mood. The setting chosen for her new novel is a small town up the Hudson river, just far enough —its inhabitants hope—to be free of the stigma of suburbanism. Its people are church-goers, almost self-consciously good, making a virtue of tolerance and in general filling the picture of good honest citizens. One of them is a married man with an idolised small daughter and to his family comes a young nephew, a boy of seven, whose visit ends by totally destroying the façade of rectitude and benevolence which had clothed the whole community. It is a case, in fact, not of what a child suffers so much as of what a child can do to a pretty self-satisfied group of adults. As always, Miss Hale's style is a pleasure but I cannot feel that she is suited by this theme or that people could really be as obnoxious as the parents, relatives and friends of this story.

The Little Girls by Elizabeth Bowen: Jonathan Cape. 21s. Needless to say, when a new novel of Miss Bowen's is published it makes literary news. The present one is about three middle-aged women who meet after a parting of almost 50 years. They had been 11-year-olds in the summer before the first war, at school together in a south coast town, friendly, feuding and as intimate as children of that age can be. Now, in their fifties, they are able to review their lives in the long interval and to assess each other mischievously or affectionately and, occasionally, to revive the keenest memories of their youth. Miss Bowen writes allusively so that her story has some of the fascination of a detective mystery. Certainly it must be read with care if one is not to miss its riches and its humour.

Notes of a Native Son and **Nobody Knows My Name** by James Baldwin: Michael Joseph. 21s each. These two books of essays by a distinguished negro writer are consecutive. Although they deal with a variety of subjects the connecting theme is the one of relationship between blacks and whites. He has said himself that the essays form a very small part of a private log book. Having lived for some years in Europe Mr Baldwin came to the conclusion that he must return to America in spite of his fears if he was to discover himself as a writer and as an individual. There is high courage in these pages as well as criticism of the country which, after all, he loves best. " I want," he writes, " to be an honest man and a good writer." I would say that in these two volumes he has achieved both aims.

The Even Temperature in the Cave by Mary Nash: Chatto and Windus. 18s, is a first collection of short stories by a new American writer of grace and a certain originality. Miss Nash is particularly successful when she writes about adolescents, somehow capturing their moods of uncertainty or exhilaration and these six tales are an indication that she has a bright future.

Run for the Roses by Mimi Rommel: Cassell. 25s, is a novel with a lively satirical approach to the situation in which a vast American corporation moves in to a Southern state, in this case Kentucky, and tries to give the local inhabitants the benefits of advanced civilisation

THE ROAD TO PERSEPOLIS

Arabia Felix by Thorkild Hansen: Collins. 30s.
The Middle East and the West by Bernard Lewis : Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.
Eastern Arabian Frontiers by J. B. Kelly: Faber and Faber. 42s.
The Blunted Sword by David Divine: Hutchinson. 25s.
Barren Victories by Basil Collier: Cassell. 35s.
Lone Voyager by Joseph E. Garland: Hutchinson. 25s.
Goren's Bridge Complete by Charles H. Goren: Barrie and Rockliff. 35s.

The Western intrusion into Arabia, more politely termed Western penetration and exploration, began in the modern sense with Carsten Niebuhr's expedition under the auspices of the Danish Government in 1761-64. It was a scholarly but ill-assorted band which disappeared into the legendary interior of the Yemen to face excitement, danger, privation and disaster. When nearly seven years later the only survivor, Niebuhr himself, returned to Denmark he was a forgotten man, but the records he brought were considerable, and the diaries, notebooks and sketches, which have for the most part lain unpublished and unread in a Copenhagen museum, now yield a fascinating account of the historic journey. Thorkild Hansen has assembled the material with skill and presented it in a lively manner. Carsten Niebuhr himself emerges as a man who lived only to observe and interpret things around him. So great was his awareness it was possible for him, when a blind and crippled old man, to traverse in thought the long road to Sana and Persepolis and, with a wealth of vivid detail, make the journey live for those who collected round him in admiration and affection. It may be that it was only at his bedside in those last months of his life that Arabia Felix became the happy place of Niebuhr's dreams. The volume has been translated from the Danish by James and Kathleen Macfarlane.

The processes of Western intrusion, influence and domination in the Middle East, to be succeeded in due time by partial withdrawal, have created both dislocation and transformation. Bernard Lewis, Head of the Department of History at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, observes these processes and analyses them in his valuable treatise *The Middle East and the West.* Perhaps our failure to understand each other stems from the fact that Western loyalties tend to focus on the nation but Middle Eastern loyalties focus on religion no matter how hard the Nationalists attempt to make their indelible mark. Professor Lewis thinks that the West should ostentatiously disengage from Arab politics, and in particular from inter-Arab politics. Perhaps through normal commercial relations the healing balm might flow and these two opposing worlds might come more closely to terms.

Dr J. B. Kelly directs attention on what is only a slightly narrower Middle Eastern problem in his volume *Eastern Arabian Frontiers.* Here he highlights Saudi Arabia's struggle for dominance in the Arabian peninsula, and Britain's determination to hold that dominance in check and to maintain the independence of Qatar, the Trucial Sheikdoms and the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman. This is a book for the keen political student, but the persistent reader will find it rewarding despite its weight of detail.

Wasted national effort and wasted political opportunity provide two rather grim and realistic themes by writers who look back in evident anguish with some hindsight and much clarity. David Divine's *The Blunted Sword* shows Britain's failure in the past to co-ordinate defence, and, in his opinion, failure now to do more than

whether they like it or not. Miss Rommel writes with a zest which is sometimes almost violent, but she does succeed in drawing a clear picture of two utterly different kinds of American in opposition.

Monkey on a Chain by Edwin Lanham: Gollancz. 15s, is a thriller by a writer who so far has never disappointed one and who here produces an entirely new gimmick. I can't help doubting whether this turn will be quite as acceptable here as in Mr Lanham's native America, but at least it is something fresh. The principal character of his story is a young, pretty widow, suspected by the police of the murder of her husband. Immediately after his death she suffers some kind of mental collapse, is treated by a psychiatrist and agrees to join one of his groups where free discussion between patients is the order of the day. Pretty soon her " colleagues " are engaged in amateur detection and this, I submit, is a new angle on sleuthing. All ends well, but not before the reader has been treated to some very fancy psychiatric dialogue. As one character says, " We're just five ordinary, neurotic people." It says something for Mr Lanham's expertise that neurosis is not a required condition in the reader.

The Two Faces of January by Patricia Highsmith: Heinemann. 21s, is another tale by an expert in this line and, as was to be expected, it is a beauty. Miss Highsmith is in the habit of writing about places which she evidently knows well herself and in the present case her story has the setting of Athens and the island of Crete with a little spell in Paris. There is one weakness in the plot towards the beginning, a moment when the characters can avoid involvement if only they go straight to the police or behave sensibly in some other way. Apart from that, there is no criticism to be made of an extremely well-written thriller which is a variant of the pursuit theme and full of suspense. **Vernon Fane**

pay lip service to co-ordination of Navy, Army and Air Force. Meanwhile by the enthusiastic exploitation of Parkinson's Law the service administrations have grown until they outweigh the fighting forces which they exist to create. Basil Collier's *Barren Victories* follows the course of events from Versailles to Suez, from 1918 to 1956, placing particular emphasis on the failure to secure political stability in the Middle East. Mr Collier has been a contributor to the official series of war histories, but his political free-lancing naturally has much more relish.

For seafaring material in the grand tradition of Joshua Slocum and all who have ridden the Atlantic alone it would be hard to surpass the story of Howard Blackburn, the mariner from Gloucester, Mass., whose indestructibility and nautical skill are recorded by Joseph E. Garland in *Lone Voyager*. Mr Garland writes with sensitivity and knowledge, a result of his own background as a Gloucester man sharing New England's nautical heritage.

Goren's Bridge Complete, that standard work on the contract game, now appears in a major revised edition. Some additional text on the finer points of play and on new conventions will be welcomed by bridge devotees. **Richard Edmonds**

Mick (Alan Bates), left, taunts Davies (Donald Pleasence) the tramp whom he asks to act as caretaker

PINTER'S WINTER

The London opening of Harold Pinter's film version of his play *The Caretaker*, is one more high spot in a season that must have been a gratifying one for this most arresting of dramatists. Two Screenwriters' Guild awards have come his way—one for the best television script (*The Lover*) and the other for the best screen play (*The Servant*). He has also been nominated for the British Film Academy's best-writer award. And *The Caretaker*, its London showing long delayed, has arrived at the Academy, Oxford Street, at last, rich in honours—a Silver Bear prize from the Berlin Film Festival, a Certificate of Merit from Edinburgh. Made with complete artistic freedom on a ludicrously modest budget of £30,000, the film (presented by British Lion) was produced by a company formed by Pinter himself, its director Clive Donner, its producer Michael Birkett and the three members of its cast—Donald Pleasence, Alan Bates and Robert Shaw.

Shot strictly in sequence on location in a derelict house in Hackney, it was finished in five weeks. As its rich, ripe, centre-piece it has a magnificent performance by Donald Pleasence, who re-creates his stage role of the tramp Davies in compelling film terms, and there is some vital, thought-provoking acting from Alan Bates and Robert Shaw, as the two odd brothers, each of whom Davies exploits until he is finally discarded by them both.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **C. J. ROBERTSON**

Mr Charles James Robertson has been Chairman since 1961 of James Robertson & Sons, Preserve Manufacturers Ltd. His firm's main products are marmalade, well-known on the breakfast tables of Britain as Golden Shred and Silver Shred, together with jams and mincemeat. The golliwog figure that appears on all the company's products is registered as a trade mark in over 30 countries. Mr Robertson was born in 1909, the grandson of the James Robertson who founded the business in 1864. Educated at Malvern and St. John's College, Cambridge, he qualified as a chartered accountant in 1935 and entered his family firm in the same year. Mr Robertson was made a director in 1938. During the Second World War he served as a Lieut.-Colonel in the RASC becoming a director of studies, the Civil Affairs Staff College, at Wimbledon in 1944. After the war he took part in the British Military Administration of Malaya and stayed there until late in 1946. Today, Mr Robertson is a Member of Council and of the Executive Committee of the Food Manufacturers' Federation. He is also a Member of Council of the British Food Manufacturing Industries Research Association. He is Chairman of the trustees, Holbourne of Menstrie Museum at Bath, and President of the City of Bath YMCA. Mr Robertson married in 1935. He has two sons and one daughter, and lives at Combe Hay Manor, near Bath, Somerset

RIVALS IN SHIPBUILDING

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Reactions to the *Yamashiro Maru*, a Japanese-built freighter that docked in London at the end of last month after its maiden voyage from Kobe, have been significant in what they showed, not only about Japanese shipbuilding, but about British shipbuilding as well. This unusually shaped vessel—it has a bulbous bow like some recent passenger liners, widens out in the centre to a broad beam, but has a slender underwater form forward and aft—is claimed to give revolutionary improvements in terms of speed per unit of fuel over conventionally-shaped vessels. Certainly the *Yashamiro Maru* is much more efficient than previous cargo vessels built by its owners, Nippon Kaisen Kaisha.

Before the Japanese vessel arrived in Britain the British shipbuilding industry took the precaution of issuing comparisons between it and a cargo liner built on the Clyde in 1958, the *Benloyal* constructed by Charles Connel and Co. So far as the feature in which the main advantage is claimed for the Japanese vessel is concerned, the *Benloyal* certainly seems to compare very well: on its initial trials, this 9,000-tonner achieved 22·3 knots from 11,415 horsepower, against 22·45 knots from 13,322 horsepower for the 10,564-ton (two-fifths loaded) Japanese ship. The performance in terms of power sounds on balance more economic for the British vessel.

It may be noted that comparatively little of the publicity given to the *Yashamiro Maru* (whose owners were not, incidentally, inclined to boast) on its arrival in London made much of the British shipbuilders' comparisons: an unconventional ship on the spot to look over makes more impact than a defensive handout. During the same week British shipbuilders were again in the headlines with somewhat defensive remarks about their Japanese rivals: the managing director of Lithgows commented that the only way that his yard could match Japanese prices for a big tanker or bulk carrier would be to pay no wages at all. Total Japanese costs and profit margins, he explained, seemed to be no more than British shipbuilding costs are, excluding all labour costs.

A great deal of anxious discussion has gone on since about the serious implications of this revelation. Without wanting to be patronising, most people who have had to look at this industry from outside over a period of years—which includes your correspondent—may be inclined to feel that the only thing new about the fact is for a British shipbuilder to be admitting it. Everybody else, one would have thought, was very well aware of it already—except perhaps some British shipowners.

The identifiable reasons for this lower structure of costs in Japan are not difficult to enumerate; but they leave a good deal unexplained. Japanese shipyards get their steel for exports cheaper than for home buildings, and somewhat cheaper than British. The margin is perhaps 10 per cent. on the list prices, with rather more possibility of bargaining over price when business is slack—as it has been recently in Japan as well as in Britain. Japanese shipyard labour, again, does probably earn lower wages than British—though not nearly as much lower as before the war. It is no longer possible to complain about Japanese competition in terms of "sweated labour"; in quite a number of European countries, some of which aspire nowadays to shipbuilding, labour probably costs less than in Japan.

At a guess, I think it would be fair to assume that Japanese shipyard management tends to be younger, more scientifically educated, and rather more open to new ideas of technique and organisation than British. The tendency to eradicate the older, pre-war cadres of boss from post-war management, for political reasons good or bad, probably brought about a more thoroughgoing renewal of top management in Japan, as it has in Germany. Shipbuilding is by no means the only British industry that has found it difficult to pinpoint some of the special strengths of Japanese management nowadays, while ruefully appreciating the results—a team of British steel experts, for example, recently found it impossible to explain just how the Japanese could put up new steel plant so quickly and cheaply.

Scratch any shipbuilder anywhere, and he will immediately tell you about the subsidies that his competitors enjoy. The Japanese have had little more in terms of actual subsidy than most other countries' industries. Japanese shipowners, certainly, have been able to get low-interest loans from their Government for longer than British; this made possible annual "national programmes" that kept the industry fairly busy in its reconstruction years with a baseload of replacement for the Japanese merchant fleet, much of it destroyed during the war. Japanese exports of ships, again, recommenced with certain specialised operations in which American money went into building specialised yards for giant tankers. Having much of one's shipyard equipment re-installed new after the war, often in entirely relaid-out yards, had advantages too.

Whatever the reasons, the fact is now established. Japan—followed in the export field by Sweden—is the world's first shipbuilder for general cargo tonnage, tankers and dry cargo: Britain, like West Germany, is failing to keep up. Britain is still selling nearly a third of its tonnage output to foreign owners, though in 1963 this came from a sadly reduced total tonnage. That percentage record is fairly good, compared with what many other engineering industries in Britain achieve; and for export performance at any rate, shipbuilding from now on is going to have to be judged against the average, not up among the leaders as it traditionally was.

It is probable, indeed, that over the rest of this century no country's shipbuilding industry will be able to manage the export predominance that Britain's enjoyed up to the First World War. As countries develop industrially, many of them aspire first to a merchant fleet, then to steel production and some heavy engineering; fairly high on the list of fashionably "national industries" comes shipbuilding. And this is probably not so bad an idea as some sophisticated Western industrial consultants would suggest; shipbuilding offers a sector where engineering labour can be trained in fairly large numbers, and it generates demand for a number of the smaller engineering industries that such countries may also want to develop. Japan's own planners, for example, do not think of shipbuilding as one of their growth industries of the future; they are already looking much farther ahead.

The "decline of British shipbuilding" that the country has witnessed since the early '20's becomes, in this perspective, a readjustment, painful in some stages, towards a more manageable and more modern capacity. The market for the British shipyards must remain, basically, the British merchant fleet, which is certain to go on building most of its tonnage here. This is in need of faster replacement than at present it is getting: not so much because of growing old as because it is being made obsolescent by new tanker and dry cargo ships (like the *Benloyal* and the *Yashamiro Maru*) able to operate at speeds and costs that make nearly all the ships currently laid up and some of those actually operating utterly uncompetitive. For export, it might be wiser for Britain to concentrate on some of the specialised and more elaborately equipped ships in which it still retains a certain edge in experience and quality.

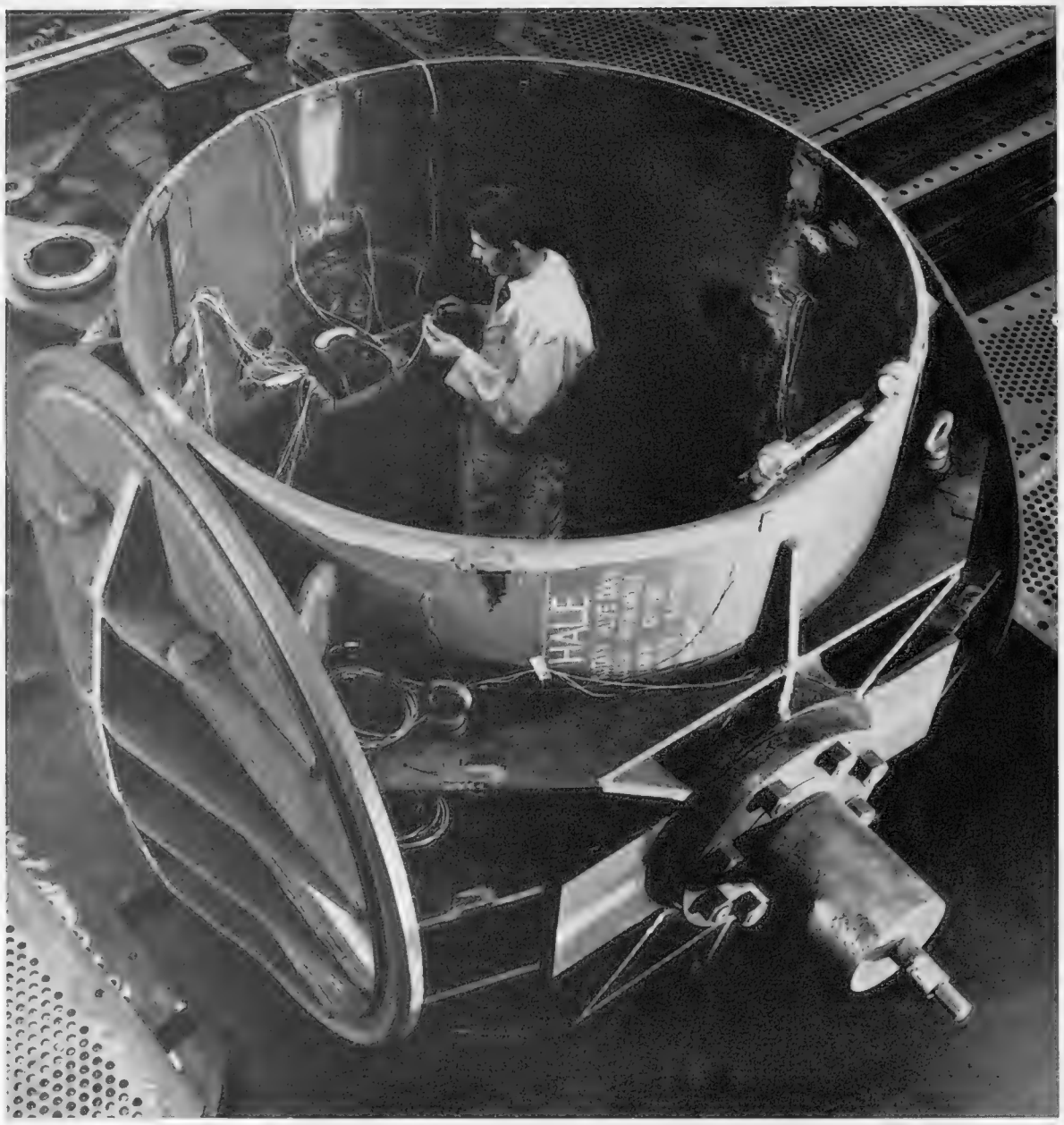
Quite a number of owners abroad are still prepared to order from British yards even against a small margin in tender price above our competitors. Maybe they shouldn't have to: but that remains a positive strength, and the British shipbuilding industry's need today is to accentuate the positive—selectively. Some of this industry's critics, and some of its complaints from within, tend to be too general, assuming that British shipyards ought to be—once again—all things to all the world's shipowners. That day is long past.

Busbars and collectors on the roof of the machine halls of the Nelson Engineering Laboratories, Stafford, where research and development of very high power equipment is carried out. (*See following pages*)

POWER FOR THE WORLD

392 Every year throughout the world there is an increasing demand for electric power for development projects and for industry. Over the past 15 years British engineers have advanced the design and manufacture of power generation and transmission equipment so fast that it is now possible to produce 500,000 kilowatts of electricity from a single machine and to distribute it many miles on systems of up to 735,000 volts.

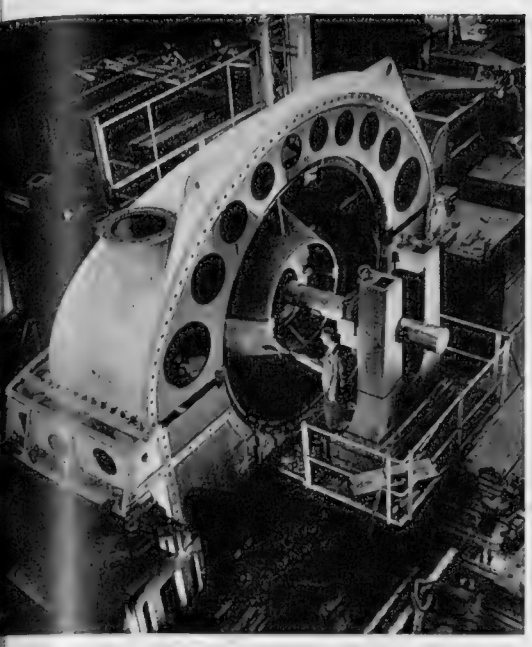
At English Electric's Netherton, Rugby and Stafford factories equipment for some of the world's most powerful projects, using steam, water, gas, oil and nuclear energy, is being designed and manufactured. They include the world's first 735,000 volt transformers which are being made for the Quebec Hydro-Electric Commission; water turbines, generators and valves for Tanganyika's largest hydro-electric power station at Hale on the River Pangani; and four 500,000 kilowatt steam turbines for the first of the Central Electricity Generating Board's advanced 2 million kilowatt thermal power stations at West Burton, Yorkshire.



PHOTOGRAPHS AT NETHERTON AND RUGBY BY WALTER NURNBERG

Above: Strain gauge tests are made on a valve door being built at Netherton for the Hale hydro-electric power station on the River Pangani in Tanganyika

Above: Machining the speed ring and spiral casing for a water turbine at Netherton. Two turbines are being supplied to a power station in North Spain



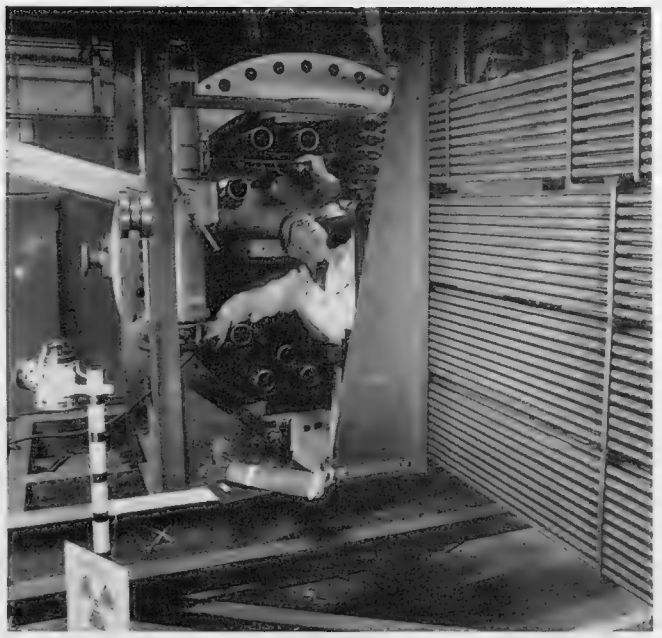
Left: Machining a casing for a 350,000 kilowatt steam turbine for the Central Electricity Generating Board's Drakelow power station. A picture taken at English Electric's Rugby works

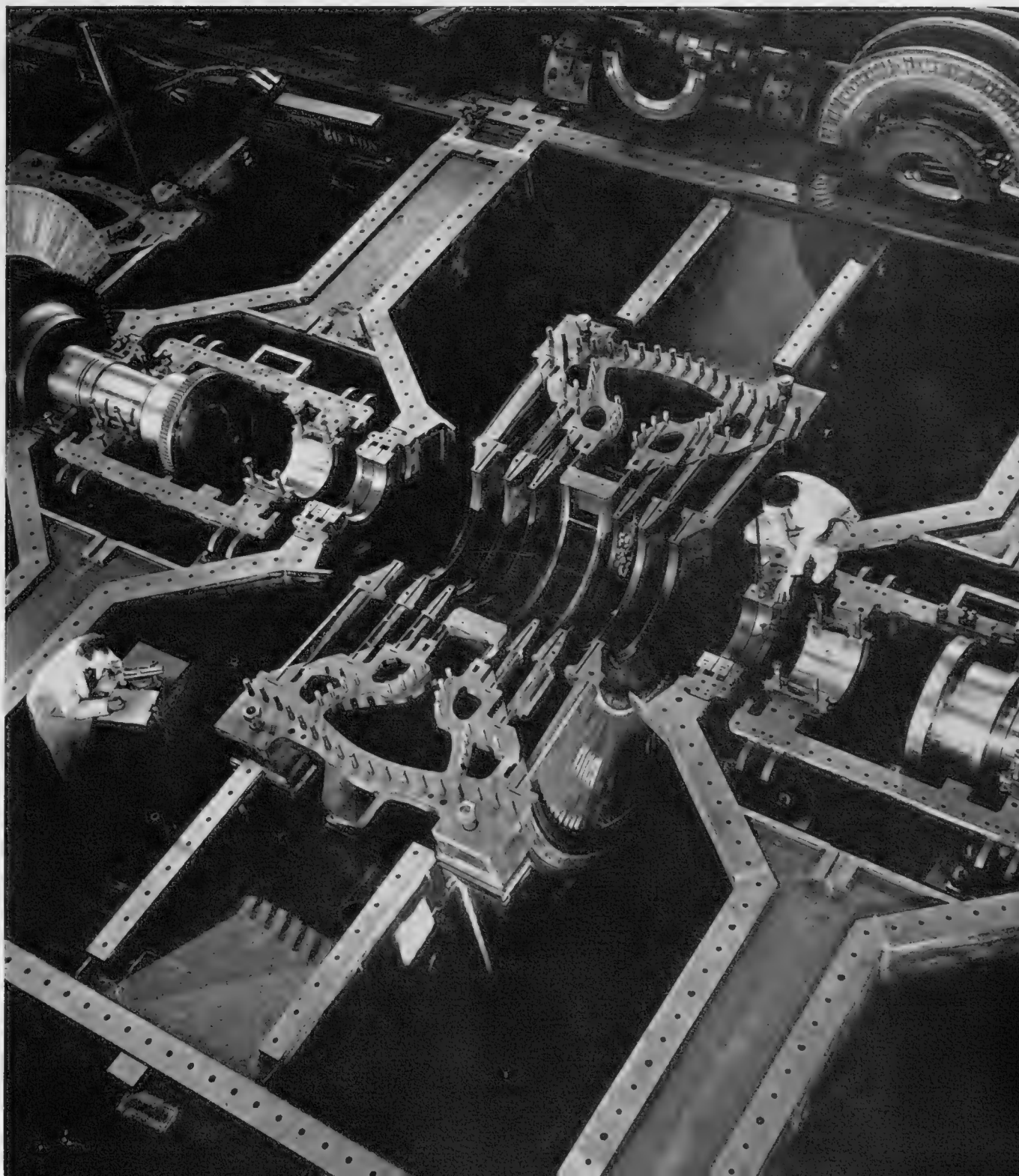
Centre left: Low pressure bodies for 500,000 kilowatt turbo-alternator machines are being made at Netherton for the new power station at West Burton, Yorkshire

Far left: Part of the water turbine laboratories at Netherton, showing how deflection tests are carried out on a model of a straight flow valve door

Right: X-ray checks are made on a component for a 200,000 kilowatt turbo-alternator similar to machines exported to Vales Point Power Station New South Wales

Below: A 325,000 kilowatt steam turbine for the Sizewell nuclear power station during construction for final works tests. The Sizewell station is one of three nuclear plants being built by the English Electric, Babcock and Wilcox, Taylor Woodrow Group. Attached to the Netherton, Rugby and Stafford works are laboratories where tests on very high power and very high voltage equipment are carried out





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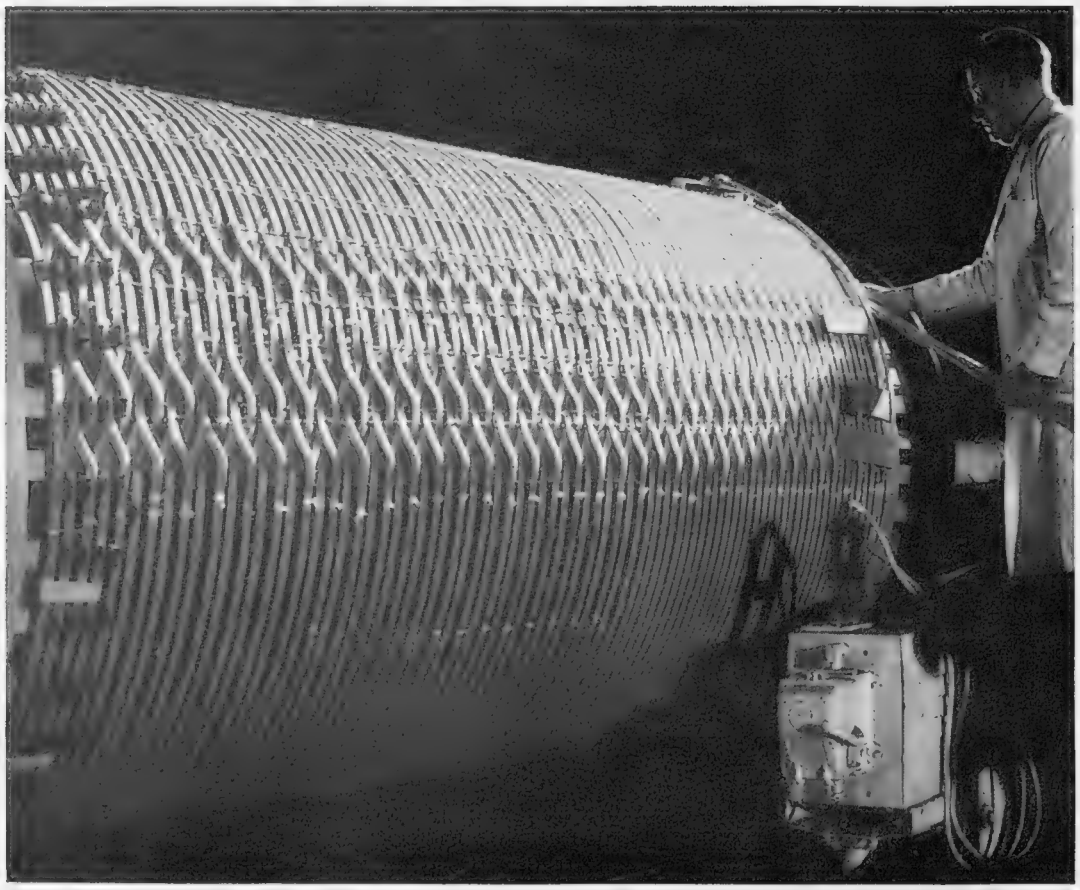
POWER FOR THE WORLD

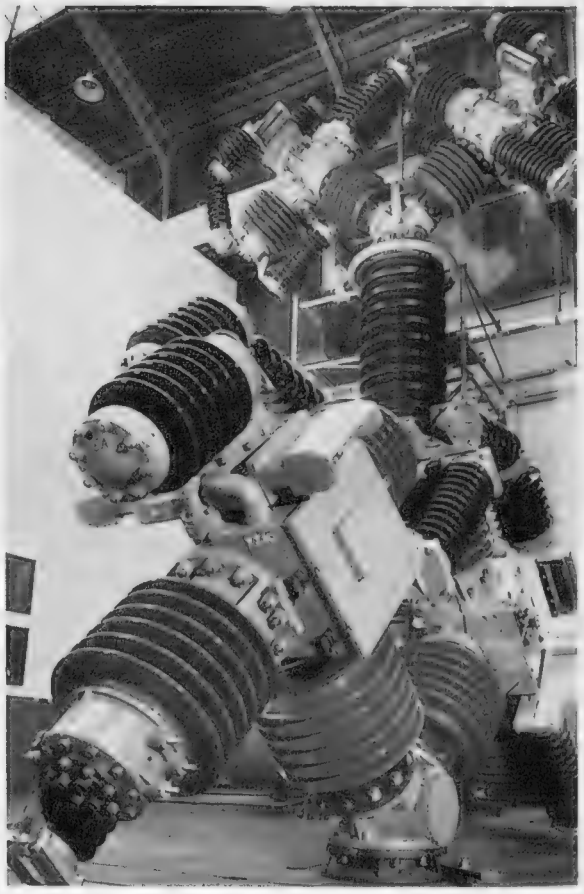
continued from page 393

Right: Marking off a valve chest for one of four 500,000 kilowatt steam turbines being built at Rugby for the first of the Central Electricity Generating Board's advanced 2 million kilowatt thermal power stations at West Burton

Below left: Part of one of the world's first 735,000 volt transformers being made at English Electric's Stafford Works. Three are being made for the Quebec Hydro-Electric Commission and will form the supply point for Quebec City, drawing hydro-electric power from tributaries of the St. Lawrence River

Below right: Interrupters for the latest type of very high voltage circuit breakers in the test bay at the Stafford works where units are being constructed for Britain's 400,000 volt super grid





SHARES IN CLEANING

by The Sphere City Correspondent

The hero of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* is a window-cleaner who seeks to better himself by becoming an executive. But sometimes, looking at the growth of the office-cleaning services in Britain since the war, it seems that he might have done just as well to keep right on flourishing his wash-leather.

Something like £130 million a year is now spent on dusting the desks, shining the windows, laundering the towels, polishing the floors, shampooing the chairman's carpets and emptying the assistant sales-managers' ashtrays in British offices. And the performance of such humble but highly necessary services occupies the full or part-time activity of over a million people.

A lot of this is still quite small-scale enterprise, of course. Not all the 100,000 charwomen who flock to the City and Westminster each morning are yet organised into high-powered, heavily capitalised cleansing commandos. But even here the big battalions are moving in and capital and management expertise are rapidly becoming more important than a strong back and adequate scrubbing technique.

Most of the important businesses that have recently built up this field began as small-time window-cleaners, complete with ladder and bicycle. The biggest of all, Office Cleaning Services, still the privately owned preserve of the Goodliffe family, started that way. So did the publicly quoted Pritchard Cleaners group (market valuation £1.25 million). And similarly several components of the Affiliated Cleaning Services complex, now being knocked into shape by Mr Sidney Roberts, once £20,000 a year managing director of Hoovers.

Grasping the post-war opportunity with both hands, Pritchards have increased their staff in 18 years from 300 to more than 8,000 with profits to match (they doubled in the last three years). In their glossy Chancery Lane headquarters they demonstrate the cleaning of every conceivable variety of floor surface, and entertain potential customers by showing them the latest in window-cleaning cradles (complete with built-in telephone). But although growth—financed almost entirely from cash-flow—remains rapid, with a raised interim dividend last September, and good prospects of a higher final to come, there are new problems as well as opportunities for the cleaners to look out for.

Partly these arise from their own success—other people have been casting an appraising eye on the profitability curve; and partly from the fact that many other services besides cleaning are nowadays brought by contract into a well-run office-building. When different experts are scrubbing the floors, changing towels, providing the canteen meals, disinfecting the phones, and hosing down the exterior stonework, there is a clear economy if they are all brought under one organisation. And this is indeed the way the business seems to be heading.

The first move came when Initial Services, one of the biggest firms in linen hire, bought a £400,000 cleaning company, responsible for dusting off such prestige blocks as Buckingham Palace and No. 10, Downing Street; and almost simultaneously Pritchard extended its activities into the towel and overall renting trade.

Soon afterwards Affiliated, formed by merging a large number of smaller companies, declared its intention of building up a complete "package-deal" service, particularly in the grimier parts of the North and Midlands, where modern cleaning methods probably have farthest to go. The process is obviously costing a lot of money, and Affiliated's recent figures for the first part of 1963-4 showed that it may be some time before all the work and ideas start to pay off. The shares have fallen to 9s 6d, well below their peak of 15s last year. But even now their 2 per cent. yield indicates high hopes for the future.

In the long run these will probably be justified. But for the moment Pritchards, with a tight, solid organisation and no financial problems, look a better bet at 25s, yielding a three-times-covered 2.9 per cent. And Initial, run by Kenneth Garcke, one of Mr Harold Drayton's ablest right-hand men, are clearly a force to be reckoned with. Not to put too fine a point on it, however, there should be plenty of grime for all.

A stake in mops and buckets

	Price	Yield %	Times covered
Pritchard Cleaners	25s 9d	2.9	3.0
Affiliated Cleaning	9s 1½d	2.1	3.4
Initial Services	28s 9d	3.1	1.7

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Lord Robens must be watching with some envy—perhaps even chagrin—the rapid turnover of gas-making to oil. There was a time when the coal-using Lurgi plants seemed likely to be the answer to the Gas Council's drive to keep prices down, but later techniques have made this type of plant a non-starter in this race. There are two Lurgi plants, at Coleshill and in Scotland. Planning delays held up the Coleshill scheme, which should have been the first, and it has only recently reached a capacity of 40 million cubic feet a day (this will go up to 50 million when Sahara methane becomes available towards the end of this year). It cost £11 million.

Behind it, on the same site at Coleshill, ten miles east of Birmingham, is a £2 million plant of the same output but one-eighth the size that uses oil. To supply this plant a contract has just been signed between the West Midlands Gas Board and Shell-Mex and BP. It covers the next 15 years, and in the early years up to 800,000 tons of distillate feedstock will be supplied. The Coleshill No. 2 plant should be "on stream" by the end of the year and will take most of its supplies from Shell's Stanlow plant in Cheshire in block trains carrying 750 tons—good for Dr Beeching, too. I understand that the 800,000 tons rate will be reached early in the second five-year period; after that there should be steady progress towards the million figure.

This is the second such contract that Shell has signed. In December it undertook to supply 600,000 tons of oil a year for nine years to the South Eastern Gas Board. The value of that contract was put at £50 million, which makes it seem that the Midlands contract—on which no value has been put officially—is worth around £80 million, the biggest in the UK. Not bad going, even for an oil company. Mr F. J. Erroll, Minister of Power, said a little while ago that about 40 similar agreements between oil companies and gas boards were in being, and that the gas industry's development programme envisaged that by 1966 at the latest about half the total gas supplies would be based on oil and natural gas (mainly from the Sahara). This compares with about one quarter in 1962-63.

With the replacement of smaller and less economic plants—50 have disappeared in the Midlands since nationalisation—by three or four major plants on a regional gas grid linked to a national grid, the gas industry looks highly competitive. The Midlands has the heaviest gas load in the country (it runs about equal with the domestic load) and it may well continue to grow at the expense of other energy forms. Only the other day Mr W. R. Branson, deputy chairman of the West Midlands Gas Board, forecast stable prices for another year or more. It could well be for a good deal longer than that.

TI's apprenticeship centre

Tube Investments' apprentices look like being the envy of young people elsewhere. In an imaginative experiment two years ago the company set up a youth residential training centre in the North Wales mountains near Bettws-y-Coed. It is not a mountaineering school, but the mountains form an effective physical and psychological background to a syllabus which includes a day of rock climbing, an all-day mountain walk and an overnight mountain camp. The courses aim to give apprentices and others "the experience of working in a small group in isolation from accustomed social and working activity and environment, with opportunities to develop self-reliance and dependence on others in the pursuit of a common purpose."

So impressed has TI been with the influence of the courses on the later development of their young men and women—more than 1,000 have already been to Bettws—that it is now recommending that every apprentice in the group should attend a seven-day course there at least once during apprenticeship, and that it should be considered an integral part of training.

Faster redevelopment at Smethwick

Considerably faster progress is being made in redeveloping the old Birmingham Carriage and Wagon works at Smethwick into an industrial estate than was thought possible when the project was started last September by the new company, Birmingham Wagon. It is hoped now to make it fully income-producing within a year, compared with the original estimate of three years. The 56 acres include 1 million square feet under cover, and already three tenants have become established and the greater part of the rest of the site is spoken for.

Milk marketing in Norfolk

The Midlands has a considerable stake in the recently announced Milk Marketing Board research scheme in Norfolk. The idea is to get intensive bulk milk collection operating in a limited area to obtain the data for a detailed study. The Board has ordered all 67 daily collection bulk milk tanks from the manufacturing division of R. J. Fullwood and Bland, of Ellesmere, Shropshire. They cover the whole Dari-kool range from 110 to 500 gallons. More than 64,000 of these bulk tanks are in use all over the world.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

396 During a recent visit to the Caribbean I was rather disappointed by the fact that the hotels and restaurants, on the whole, are rather shy about local food. Only very occasionally have I found unusual indigenous cooking, and then only as an isolated dish.

The first island I visited, Antigua, seems to be under very strong American influence, and I came to the conclusion from what was put before me that the American tourist must be even more conservative in his food-tastes than the British abroad. After many enquiries I found that there was a wealth of local dishes, some common with other islands, some specific to Antigua, using rice, cornmeal, various meats and fruits which grow there, but although the recipes are taught in schools, the dishes do not figure on hotel menus. This is not to say that the food is poor or dull everywhere, it just lacks any distinctive character.

I was a little luckier in Barbados. Here indigenous cooking is offered to visitors, in a rather limited way; now and then one has a chance to try a local dish. At the St. Lawrence Hotel which has been made famous by its owners Peter and Joan Morgan for its Sunday buffet lunches I had a chance to try one or two specialities of the island. Here in a charming room open to the sea breeze the tables were almost groaning under the weight of most inviting dishes. Guests walk round and fill their plates (as many times as they like). It was all most attractively arranged, including the roast suckling pig (pork is especially good in Barbados) which was carved by the host.

I tried very hard to taste at least a little of everything, but the variety was so great that it was physically impossible. Apart from usual things of very good quality such as fresh salmon, cold roast turkey, beef, ham, ox-tongue, salami, chicken in cream, and many, many salads of every variety, there were Barbadian shrimps, soused pig's trotters and head, a delicious West Indian curry with more than a dozen intriguing side dishes, Barbadian Pepper Pot (a traditional speciality of the island), sweet potatoes, and barbecued spare ribs. It was easy to lose count. So to be able to report faithfully, I was given a full list by Mrs Morgan, who is a most enthusiastic cook and takes pride in her presentation of local food. There were 27 main dishes and seven puddings as well as a cheese board of about 15 European cheeses. Mrs Morgan was also kind enough to give me the recipes of "souse" (pig's trotters and head), and of the Barbadian Pepper Pot, which is a dish that goes on for ever. If any reader should be interested in these and a few other specialities not mentioned here I can supply the recipes.

Apart from local specialities the standards of cooking are surprisingly high in Barbados, and, while I found the " wine of the country," local rum and fresh lime juice (which bears only a remote resemblance to the cordial obtainable here) the most acceptable drink between meals, more than once I dined or lunched drinking the best of Bordeaux, Germany or Burgundy. The hotels where I found the standards of cooking, service and wines very good included the Miramar, the Colony Club, Sandy Lane, Sam Lord's Castle, Eastry House, the Island Inn and Blue Waters. Another hotelier, Mr Malcolm Duncan, manager of the Hotel Caribbee, is a great gourmet. During my visit I was most impressed by the way he trains and educates his wine waiters who have never seen nor are ever likely to see a grape growing on a vine.

One dinner I remember particularly at the Caribbee was served on the roof of the hotel under the tropical sky and overlooking the breakers rolling in from the Atlantic. We had Bouillabaise made of local fish, followed by baked Red Fish (Snapper), and a tender fillet steak cut in half like an envelope and stuffed with red pimento, which in turn had Gruyère in it. The wines were my old friends which I was pleased to see so far from home, Château Olivier 1959 and Château Rausan Ségla 1958, the latter a light year, which stood up well to long voyages and tropical conditions. I was told that the Morgans and Mr Duncan, joined by an equally enthusiastic wine merchant, Mr Stokes, are going to form a gastronomic society to spread the gospel of good food and wine in Barbados.

At a Sunday buffet lunch at the St. Lawrence Hotel, Barbados, where specialities of the island are served

Sam Lord's Castle, one of the island's luxury hotels

Mr and Mrs Peter Morgan

Dropping money down a drain is one way of getting rid of it unintentionally. Other time-honoured methods are having your pocket picked or your bag snatched when they contain more cash than you need for your day to day outgoings. And to these we must add the insidious way in which money in the pocket seems to whisper 'spend me, spend me'.

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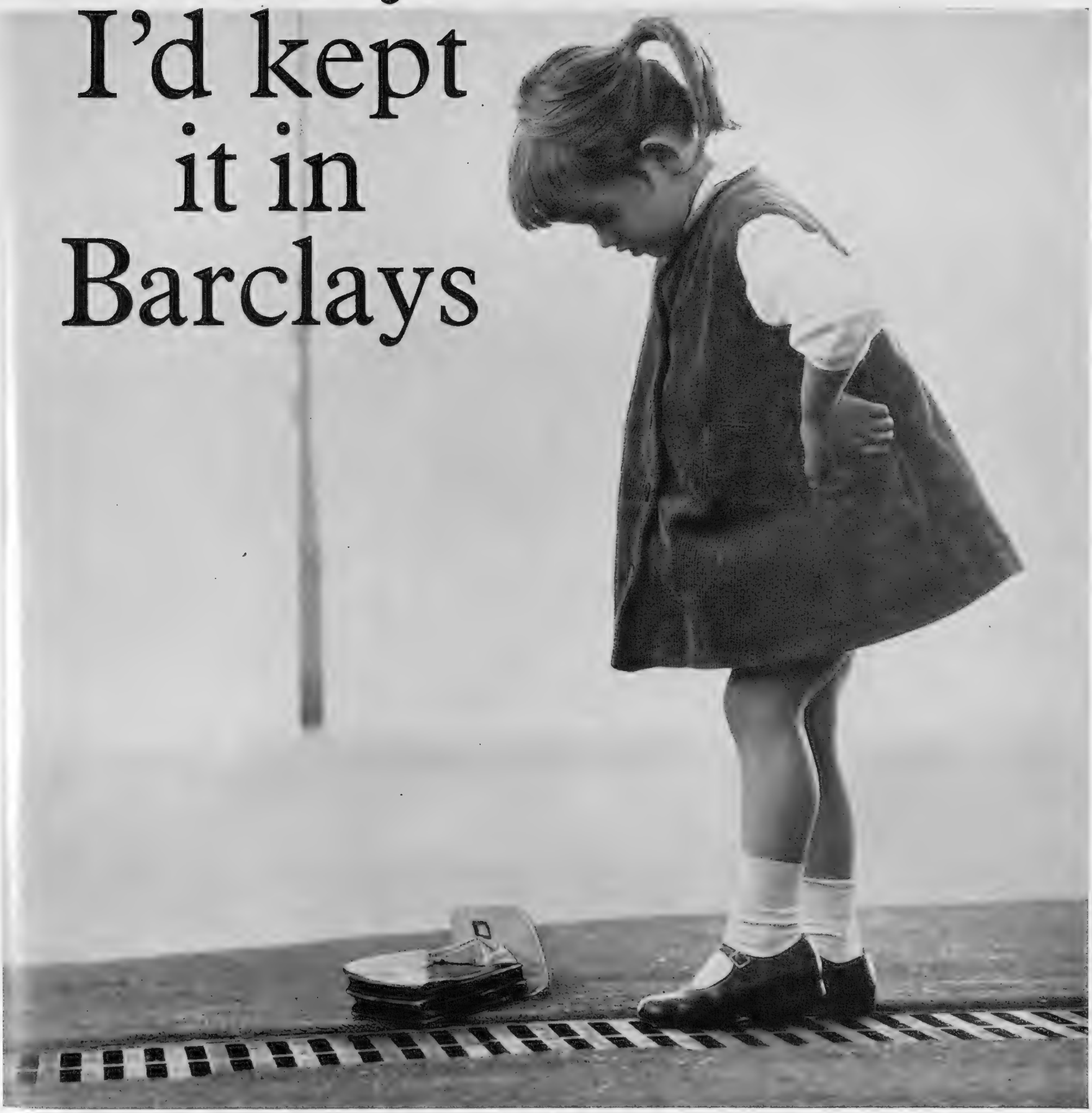

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ON-THE-SPOT FINES

398 I could hardly believe my ears. Was this *really* my old friend Cecil Orr, Joint Secretary of the AA, and spokesman for nearly 3¼ million motorists, advocating on-the-spot fines for minor motoring offences? It *was*, and I applaud him for it. This is one of the most realistic policy statements made about a highly controversial topic by the world's biggest motoring organisation for a long time.

In the past, when the AA seemed to give the impression it thought all drivers wear haloes, I never expected to live to see the day when it would admit, as Mr Orr has just done, that there is a " hard core " of dangerous drivers who should be treated as Public Enemy Number One, and that the AA should pit itself against them.

It is because of this that the AA would like to see more police; just as much as in the old days of Stenson Cooke they hated the sight of them, especially if they were carrying a stop watch. It is obvious, of course, that the best way of curbing the activities of that hard core of dangerous drivers is to have many more police patrols in uniform; and to extend on a large scale the " courtesy cop " technique of dealing with motorists who behave foolishly through thoughtlessness or lack of skill. Regarding that suggestion about on-the-spot fines: I agree with Mr Orr that they should not apply to offences covered by the " totting-up " scheme of licence suspension provided for in the 1962 Road Traffic Act.

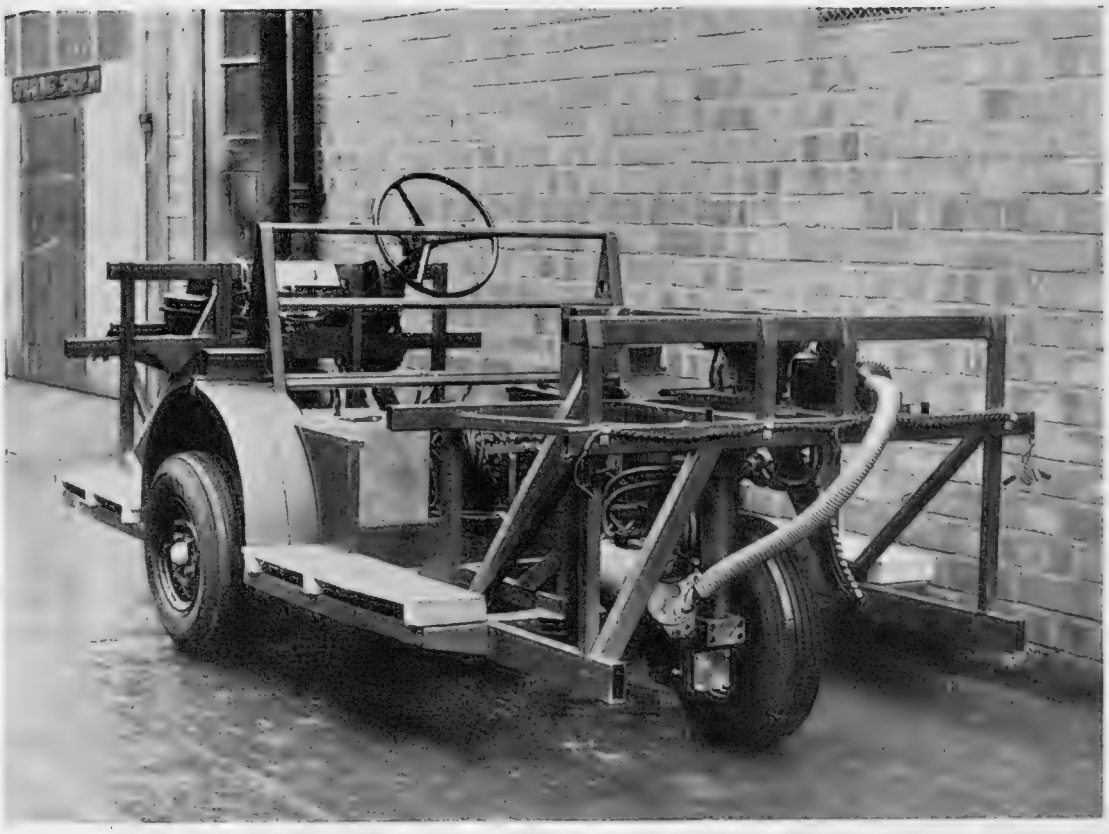
The racing season begins

Motor racing got going again in Britain last weekend with a BARC club meeting at Mallory Park, Leicestershire (where local residents are complaining about an alleged noise nuisance, by the way); and at Snetterton, Norfolk, this weekend there is a big international meeting with some of our top drivers competing in a Formula One race.

It looks like being another interesting season on the single-seat side of motor sport. In Formula One Grand Prix racing for the world championship it will be largely a resumption of last season's battles, with the Italian Ferrari team (led by Britain's John Surtees) again providing the main opposition to Britain's Lotus, Cooper, BRM and Brabham *équipes*.

The piquant possibility that a Japanese Honda car may take part in a few selected races this year adds considerable interest to the season's prospects, which are dominated by the fact that the reigning world champion, Jim Clark, seems to have a good chance of retaining his crown. It is a pity that Ferrari is the only foreign team offering anything like a challenge to the British cars and that is why the fans were delighted to see pictures of a Honda under test in Japan with a transversely mounted V-12 engine.

Formula One racing will be strongly supported this year by events under two new *formulae*—Two and Three—which came into force at the beginning of the year. Both are for 1-litre, 4-cylinder cars but the Formula Three machinery will be lighter, they must use only production engines without overhead camshafts and there is a restriction on carburetter size.



Above: The chassis of the Harbilt electric car
Right: The electric car with its plastic body fitted

The Harbilt electric car

Every so often there is a flurry of excitement in Britain when some firm or other announces that it has built an electric car. This is because we all get fed up at times with the noise of traffic propelled by internal-combustion engines and with the fumes they spew out into the atmosphere we breathe.

How pleasant it would be if we really could buy a compact little electric car, in two-seat or four-seat form, with reasonable acceleration and a top speed of, say, 50 m.p.h.; a car with a range of 100 miles or so and which could have its batteries recharged inexpensively overnight, by a simple process of plugging in, and with payment at off-peak rates.

This idea of recharging at the cheap rate, when there is plenty of surplus current, was behind the order placed by the South-Western Electricity Board with a Market Harborough firm for the construction of a prototype electric car which I had the opportunity of driving not long ago.

It is the Harbilt, due to appear next week at the Electrical Engineers' exhibition at Earls Court, SW5. There is no immediate intention of putting the design into production as a family runabout, but the project is a significant one, all the same, even if we do have to wait for fuel cells to be perfected before the electric car becomes a really practical proposition as far as family transportation is concerned.

The 35 m.p.h. Harbilt, whose batteries can be charged for only 1s 6d, has single driving wheels at back and front, with electric motors integral with them, and another pair of wheels opposite each other at the middle of the car. The front and rear wheels are interlocked for steering, so that it can turn in its own length. The back-seat passengers face towards the rear.

Model improvements

Following the announcement that the Austin-Healey 3000 had been given more power and a more sophisticated cockpit came news that two of BMC's smaller two-seater sports cars have also been greatly improved. I refer to the Austin-Healey Sprite, first announced in 1958 and the MG Midget, born in 1961.

Both are powered by an engine of 1,098 c.c. and in each case it has been greatly pepped up. It now has the MG 1100 cylinder head and a two-inch crankshaft. Design refinements include winding windows, a better-looking facia and press-button lockable doors. The price of both has gone up by £24 to £611 for the Sprite and £623 for the Midget.

For £781 you can now buy a GT version of the Vauxhall Viva. (The standard saloon costs £527). It is offered by Shaw and Kilburn, biggest of all the Vauxhall distributors, who engaged racing driver and tuning expert Chris Lawrence to hot up the 1,057 c.c. engine, modify the suspension and, of course, fit a wood-rim steering wheel. This even more vivacious Viva does 90 m.p.h.

From abroad comes news of leading French and German *marques*: Peugeot and Opel. The UK distributors *continued on page 400*

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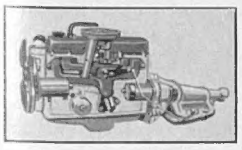

Effortless power. That's where the Cresta comes into its own. The silk-smooth, six-cylinder engine does away with laborious gear changing in towns and traffic. You can go right down to 10 mph—and still pull away smoothly in top. Driving in traffic becomes effortless. And when you reach the motorway, you'll feel that six-cylinder thrust taking you smoothly and swiftly ahead of the field.

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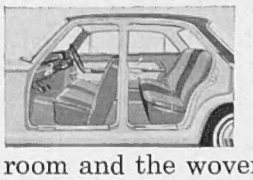
Power to please. Comfort comes naturally in a big car. It comes better in the shape of Cresta's specially wide seats (deeply padded and upholstered in hide), the extra leg-stretching room and the woven-pile carpets with thick foam underlays.



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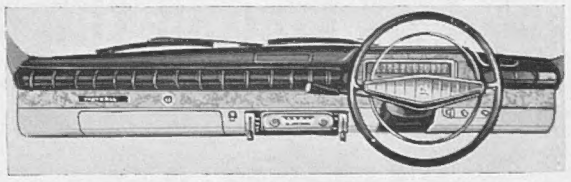

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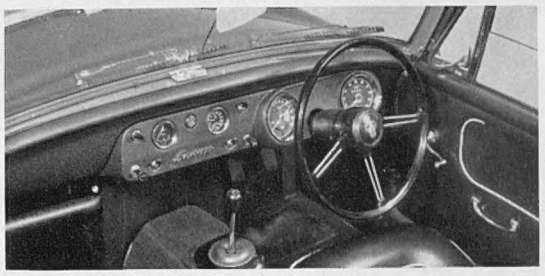
NEW CARS *continued from page 398*

400 of the French Peugeot have opened a new showroom and well-planned workshops on the Purley Way at Croydon and at the opening ceremony they had on view one of the new right-hand-drive versions of the de luxe 404, now on sale in Britain at £1,269, which is £177 more than the standard 404. For that, you get a sunshine roof.

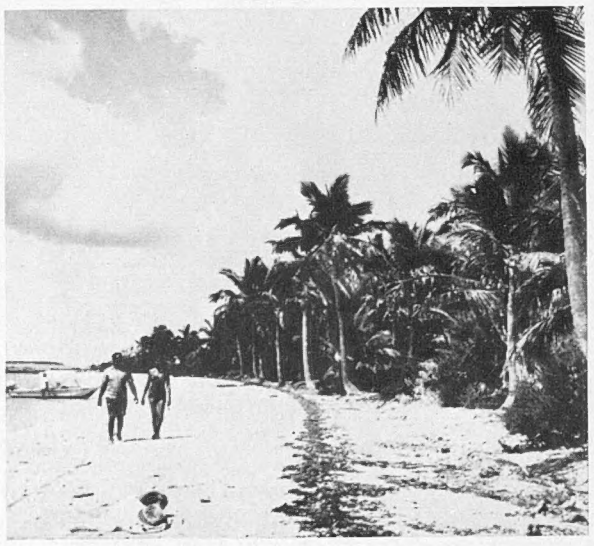
Opel of Germany have attractively restyled their 2·6-litre Kapitan and with it comes a de luxe version to which they have given the famous old Opel model name of Admiral. They have used the same body shell for a new prestige car called the Diplomat. It uses a 4·6-litre V-8 engine and is obviously a challenge to Mercedes-Benz. The Diplomat is fitted with an alternator as standard equipment, and this is optionally available on the other two models.



The Austin-Healey Sprite Mark III

The Opel Diplomat V-8. The engine, of 4·6 litres, develops 220 horsepower

The Peugeot 404 Saloon De Luxe, now available in the UK with a right-hand drive



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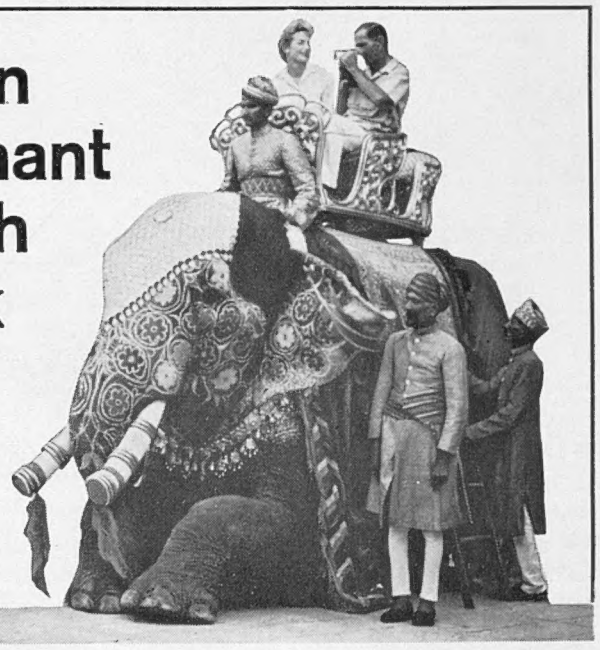

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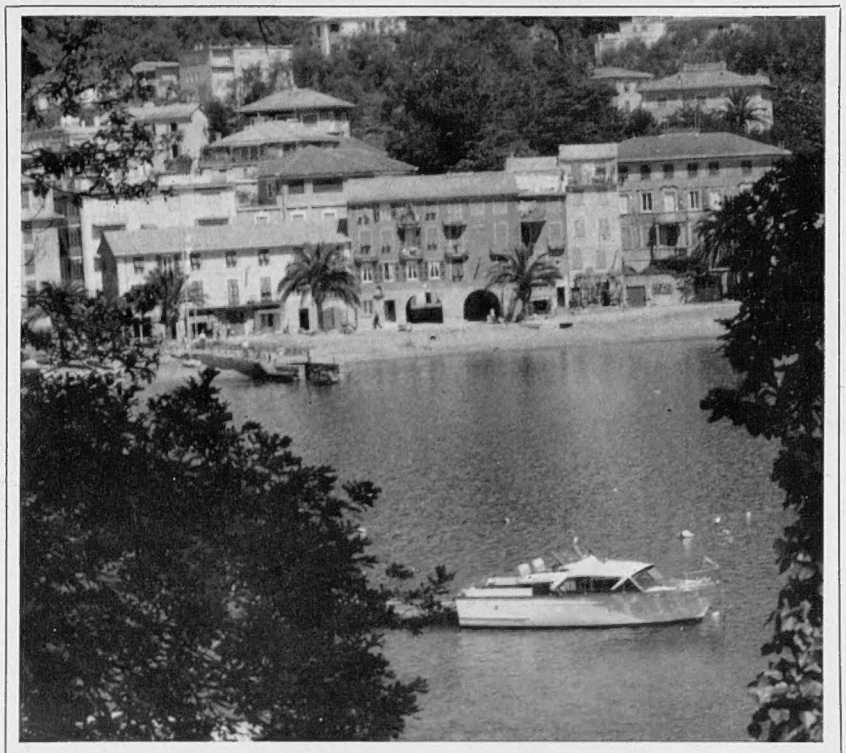
SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1964. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York.



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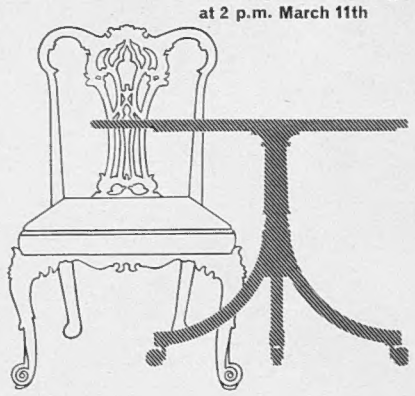

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